THE SPEAKER

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*** *A Special Number of* THE SPEAKER *containing Literary Supplement will be published on Saturday, February 4th. Advertisements for this number should reach the Manager, 115, Fleet Street, E.C., by February 2nd.*

THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

SIR EDWARD GREY made an important speech at Liverpool yesterday week. After expressing his regret at Mr. Morley's retirement from his place in the political world, he declared his belief that time would show the unreality of much of the present discussion on the subject of Jingoes and Little Englanders. With regard to Home Rule, it was desirable that in future, as in the past, the Liberal party should co-operate with the Irish party, but there ought to be independence by Liberals upon the Irish vote. Although it was clear that Home Rule could not at present be regarded as a practical issue in politics, he did not believe that the Local Government Act would satisfy Ireland's needs, but thought it would lead to a more moderate and more united demand for Home Rule.

THE Duke of Devonshire was the chief speaker at the annual dinner of the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce on Monday. In replying to the toast of "Her Majesty's Ministers," he said that it could not be contended that the Government were weaker now than when they entered office, nor could he see any signs of that shifting of neutral opinion which ordinarily foreshadowed political change. The opinion of the country at present seemed to be that this was not a time when great constitutional or social changes were imperatively necessary. It was felt that the attention of Parliament might be more usefully directed to the perfecting of the national defences, to the strengthening of the unity of the empire, and to those minor though important reforms that involve no fundamental question of principle. Defending the foreign and colonial policy of the Government, he claimed that it had the approval of the country, and he failed to discover in it those symptoms of Jingoism which had so greatly troubled Mr. Morley. Referring to education, he said the aim of the Government was to organise the central authority in such a manner as to enable it to take a comprehensive view of the national requirements, whilst, at the same time, the organisation of strong local authorities would be attempted.

LORD KIMBERLEY'S annual address to his neighbours, the Wymondham Liberal Association, was delivered on Wednesday. It was a judicious and moderate review of the present situation and of the prospects of Home Rule and the Liberal party. After expressing sincere regret for the loss of Sir William Harcourt and Mr. John Morley, he demolished two current but absurd doctrines—first, that good Liberals, including Mr. Gladstone, have always opposed any increase of British territory; and next, that a pacific attitude is the best guarantee of peace. Lord Palmerston, he remarked, had used warlike language, but never led the country into war: Lord Aberdeen, with the best intentions, had let it drift into war with Russia. Coming from one who was Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in Lord Aberdeen's Government, this endorsement of the view now current is of special interest. As to the immediate future in foreign politics, Lord Kimberley was not very hopeful. His own experience with a former French Ministry did not encourage him to expect a satisfactory arrangement now; and the conquest of the Southern Soudan he regarded as likely to impose a heavy burden on our army, which cannot be indefinitely increased. He condemned also Mr. Chamberlain's demonstrations and the uncertainty of the Ministerial policy in the Far East. But as regards domestic affairs he was more hopeful. He pointed out that the Irish Local Government Bill was preparing the way for Home Rule; and he traversed Mr. Goldwin Smith's prediction as to the decay of party government. The Conservative party had been through bad times—in the 'fifties, for instance—and there was plenty of spirit in the Liberal party, whose divisions had been no obstacle to efficient co-operation in the past.

A MEETING of members of the National Liberal Club was held in that building on Monday evening for the purpose of discussing the question of Liberal policy. The meeting made no pretensions to being representative in character, but it comprised men of different views, and, as might naturally be expected, different opinions were expressed. Lord Carrington was in the chair, and among those who spoke were Sir Robert Reid, M.P., Mr. Labouchere, M.P., Lord Coleridge, and Mr. Lloyd-George, M.P. It was noteworthy that, with the exception of Mr. Labouchere, who gave full expression to his well-known views on the subject of national armaments and the growth of

the Empire, all the gentlemen we have named deplored the line taken by Mr. Morley in his recent speech at Brechin, and denied that his charge of Jingoism had any foundation so far as the great majority of the Liberal Party was concerned. *The Times*, in commenting upon the meeting, appeared to regard the fact that Mr. Labouchere differed from the other speakers upon the question of our foreign policy as a proof that the Liberal Party is hopelessly divided. The wonder would have been if Mr. Labouchere had been found to be in agreement with any body of Liberals upon any of the burning questions of the day.

Mr. Keswick, the Conservative candidate, has been returned without opposition for the Epsom Division of Surrey, in place of Mr. Bucknill, Q.C., appointed to a judgeship. This election does not affect the strength of parties in the House of Commons. Another vacancy in the House has been caused during the week by the death of Mr. Holburn, the Liberal member for North-West Lanarkshire. Mr. Holburn secured the seat at the last general election, after a gallant fight, by the narrow majority of 97 votes. It is to be hoped that the managers of the Liberal Party will lose no time in securing a suitable candidate to take Mr. Holburn's place.

Mr. Balfour's letter on the question of a Catholic University for Ireland, written to an opponent of the project among his own constituents, deals solely with the religious difficulty involved, inasmuch as the writer believes—no doubt correctly—that this alone blocks the way. Mr. Balfour declares that he himself would oppose the establishment of any University which would be likely to extend the power of the Catholic priesthood, and that it would be unfair to treat the Roman Catholics more favourably than members of other denominations are treated. But if it be said that Trinity College should suffice, Mr. Balfour answers that the Presbyterians of Ulster have a claim to consideration; and that, Trinity College being predominantly Protestant, Roman Catholic parents may well hesitate to send their sons thither. If they did not, the result would be an influx of Roman Catholics which would in time Catholicise the governing body and the whole institution, and so leave the Protestants at a disadvantage. Mr. Balfour's solution is to establish a University in Dublin and one in Belfast (the latter to absorb the Queen's Colleges) on precisely similar lines. The Dublin University would naturally be governed chiefly by Roman Catholics, the Belfast one by Presbyterians, but religious tests would be forbidden in both; no public money could be applied to the endowment of sectarian scholarships or Fellowships, or to supporting the chairs of philosophy, modern history, and theology. Professors would have a right of appeal against unjust dismissal, and the number of clergy on the governing body would be limited. Such a University would not be strictly Roman Catholic, yet it would meet Roman Catholic needs. Mr. Balfour recognises that it may be refused by the Roman Catholics, and that it cannot be dealt with by the ordinary machinery of party. But he appeals to Protestants to promote it, as a means of advancing knowledge.

An intimation has been issued by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York on the subject of the direction in the Prayer Book that questions as to the due interpretation of the rubrics are to be referred to the Bishops, and, if the latter be in doubt, to the Archbishops. The Archbishops have agreed that before any final decision is given by either of them on any question of this description submitted to him, those who are concerned in the case will be allowed to argue the matter either personally or by counsel. Furthermore, the Archbishops undertake to consult together before either of them pronounces a decision.

It was announced by Dr. Rutherfoord Harris at Newport (Monmouthshire) on Thursday evening that the Government had agreed to guarantee the railway from Bulawayo to the Zambesi river, a length of 350 miles, but had refused to sanction a guarantee of a further extension continuing the line 600 miles to Lake Tanganyika, until it shall have been completed to the Zambesi. This decision is very natural, and the Chartered Company have intimated, through Reuter's Agency, that they are not disappointed, inasmuch as they expected no more. Even the most fervid Expansionist cannot rationally expect either that a guarantee will now be promised which cannot take effect for some years to come, or that an isolated section of a railway can be constructed in a wilderness; and no adequate base for supplies of material is afforded either by the Zambesi or by the lake. The Cape to Cairo line will doubtless be made some day, but for the present it must remain an ideal, and even when made its substantial value will lie in its local rather than in its transcontinental traffic. Meanwhile, since Northern Rhodesia is ours, it is desirable to open it up and test its value by the only means available.

The appointment of Earl Beauchamp to the Governorship of New South Wales is an interesting experiment, partly because he is probably the youngest Colonial Governor on record, and partly because, though a Conservative and a Churchman, he has shown himself capable of taking strong views and independent action—notably in the case of the Armenian agitation and the Græco-Turkish War. His career in the colony will be watched with interest, and he has our cordial good wishes for his success.

The special meeting of the Trade Union Congress, held this week in Manchester to discuss the question of Federation, has exhibited the continuance of the struggle between Old and New Trade Unionism, and has been the occasion of a conflict, between the partisans of local autonomy and the promoters of central control, which suggests that the Federation, once achieved, will have a good many difficulties to contend with. The discussion over the name, which suggests the reflection that it is best to make the machine first and name it afterwards, displayed the conflict between the newer and smaller unions and the old-established organisations, who see in subdivision and specialisation an attempt to lessen their own membership and diminish their sources of revenue. A number of other amendments, such as that tending to restrict the management as far as possible to *bonâ fide* workers, and Mr. Mawdsley's proposal to restrict the control of the constituent societies by the central committee, testify to a widespread jealousy of professional management and central control. However, the partisans of centralisation and Old Unionism had the best of it, and Federation, which has been attempted several times before but checked by local and trade jealousies, may now be regarded as achieved. It remains to be seen whether it will be lasting or effective; but some of the provisions of the present plan seem to make for industrial peace. The Parliamentary Committee of the Congress are in charge of the scheme, and it is to be further considered at a Congress to be held not later than July next. It may be noted that the Congress arranged to raise a fund of £2,000 to support the appeal to the House of Lords against the recent decision that picketing is illegal.

The London water companies are adopting a very short-sighted policy. They can permanently

defeat the schemes for superseding them by getting water from a distance only by letting those schemes be fully and fairly examined along with their own scheme of storing Thames water at Staines. Instead of taking this course, they try, at vast expense, to stifle the County Council Bill at its birth. They revel in the multiplicity of John Joneses on the Welsh site, bring crowds of witnesses up (in a special train and with the utmost *éclat*), entertain them in London, give them theatre tickets, and influence them, by all this treating, to oppose the scheme. And (as a correspondent of *The Times* points out) the cost of all this falls on the shareholders. Should it affect dividends, it will tend to reduce the capital value which the companies will get when they are at last compelled to sell to the public authority to which must eventually be entrusted the management of the water supply of London.

A CURIOUS and remarkable question seems likely to be raised by the death last Sunday of Earl Poulett. It is well known that Lord Poulett refused to recognise the legitimacy of the son who was born within six months of his marriage to his first wife. For many years past this son, who has claimed, and held, the courtesy title of Lord Hinton, has maintained himself and his wife by playing a barrel organ in the streets of London. Lord Poulett left a younger son, the issue of his marriage to a third wife. It is understood that he has bequeathed his estates to this son, and it is rumoured that the peerage will be claimed on his behalf. A *cause célèbre* which has long been anticipated by rumour is, therefore, likely before long to occupy the attention of the public.

ABROAD.

THE debate in the French Chamber last Monday on the relations of France and England, for which an opportunity was given by the Foreign Office Estimates, did credit alike to the Ministry and to the House. The bare idea of an appeal to arms over the questions now in dispute was scouted even by M. Denys Cochin, a champion of "colonial expansion," a Monarchist, and more or less an Anglophobe; and the speeches both of M. Ribot, an ex-Foreign Minister, and of M. Delcassé, the present holder of the office, promise well for a speedy settlement. M. Delcassé's frank defence of his withdrawal of the Marchand expedition, though, of course, he accompanied it with a fresh protest against Sir Edward Grey's declaration, may irritate French Chauvinists, but will certainly satisfy the sober sense of the French electorate; and the other protests against the tone and temper of a section of English opinion during the recent crisis, though not justified by the official action of England, unfortunately have their justification elsewhere. M. Ribot's speech was interesting—apart from its references to Madagascar, which we discuss on a later page—for his review of the improvement in the position of France in Europe. His references to the Franco-Russian alliance and to the accord with Italy have naturally caused some irritation in Germany, but English Liberals need not quarrel with them. The real danger with France lies in that nervous irritability which comes of weakness born of internal dissensions, and of the consciousness of isolation. France cannot be pacific unless she is strong. Our interest is that she should be both.

HAPPILY, there are signs that the internal dissensions of France are coming to an end. It may not be quite true that the retrial of Dreyfus is accepted with practical unanimity by the nation, but there is a lull in the excitement. It will doubtless be revived in part by the Reinach-Henry suit, which was to begin yesterday. But there are signs that the popular passion is wearing itself out, and the new effort at pacification, which takes the shape of an appeal to accept the decision of the Supreme Court, and is signed by MM. Lavisse, Paul Janet, Leroy-Beaulieu, and a number of eminent men, —not mere *littérateurs*, but men of sound judgment and knowledge of affairs—is free from the taint of partisanship and agitation which affects the rival Leagues professing to seek the same end.

THE Ministerial crisis in Belgium has been speedily disposed of, though it has led to some unpleasant reflections by the members of the Opposition on the intervention of the Crown in Parliamentary politics, and very possibly is the beginning of a disintegration of the hitherto solid Clerical majority. Essentially, it turns on a difference of opinion among that majority as to the desirability of the present system of voting by *scrutin de liste*—a difference not unconnected with that alliance of the divergent sections of the Opposition to which we called attention some weeks ago. A large section of the Clericals hold that, in view of this alliance, the existing system may result in the reduction of their present great preponderance. Some of them would prefer to gerrymander the present constituencies, others propose to substitute 152 single-member districts, where there would generally be ample scope for Clerical influence and for various local influences which would usually work with the priesthood. This redistribution, however, would break with all Belgian traditions, and (as a well-known Catholic publicist, M. J. van den Heuvel of Louvain, has just been pointing out) it would probably keep out of the Chamber all representatives of the upper middle class and of the Catholic working man, while it would almost certainly lower the tone of Parliamentary life. Moreover, it could hardly be made compatible with proportional representation, which many educated Belgians of all shades in politics regard as their best protection against democratic despotism. However, the King has decided in favour of the ultra-Conservative reformers, and M. Smet de Nayer and M. Nyssens have respectively resigned the Premiership and the portfolio of Commerce. M. Van den Peereboom, best known as the chief of the railway department, becomes Premier; but the Conservative majority is now split into three sections—the Ministerialists, the followers of the ex-Premier, and a third section led by another and an abler ex-Premier, M. Beernaert, who favour proportional representation.

THE political crisis in Hungary still continues, though it seems as though a solution had been brought appreciably nearer this week by the negotiations between the Government and the chiefs of the Opposition. The fact that the summary of the demands put forward by the latter fills 200 pages of MS., and took two hours and a half to read aloud, does not seem to favour a speedy settlement; but it appears that the operative part of the document referred to a proposal that Hungary, being left free by the obstruction in the Reichsrath to prolong the financial arrangement with her partner for whatever term of years she pleases, should prolong it only till 1903, when various commercial treaties with foreign countries will expire. At that date, the Opposition hold, Hungary can make a fresh start on an independent basis, and make her own treaties with foreign Powers without Austrian interference. It seems a fatuous exhibition of Protectionism; but the face of Eastern Europe may have changed considerably by 1903. Baron Banffy's resignation is, of course, another element in the demands of the Opposition, and if that is accorded, they are willing to accept a reform of Parliamentary procedure; but, though the Premier

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If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

is desirous of retiring into private life, he is not ready to be driven out of office by obstructionists.

THE vote in the United States Senate on the Treaty of Peace with Spain is to be taken on Monday week (February 6). Its Democratic opponents are to be conciliated by a preliminary resolution declaring that it is the intention of the United States to accord self-government to the Filipinos when they are fit for it; and so its adoption is probable. But apart from this, we cannot but think that both the massacre of Spaniards at Balabac and the imminent danger of an attack on Manila will make the business men of the United States see the necessity to putting an end to the present uncertainty and taking steps to administer the islands on some definite plan. A preliminary step towards such a plan has been taken by the appointment of a Commission of three members—subject to the control of the Secretary of War—to deal with questions affecting the newly acquired territories; and the negotiations now in progress between the Filipino envoys and the Government at Washington will probably lead to the conciliation of the Filipino opposition. An outbreak of hostilities at Manila seems to be indicated as imminent by the proclama- of the Filipino Republic on Sunday last. It is feared at Washington that this may hinder the ratification of the Treaty, but it seems quite as likely to lead to the opposite result, because it will show that the present situation is intolerable. And if the islands are not to be acquired, a large part of its *raison d'être* will be taken away from the Nicaragua Canal, a Bill for the construction of which has just passed the Senate. In Cuba, the fact that Gomez is threatening Havana may prove another influence in favour of the Expansionists.

LITERATURE.

A "HISTORY OF JAPANESE LITERATURE," to be written by Mr. W. G. Aston, is announced in the series which Mr. Edmund Gosse is editing for Mr. Heinemann. Two-thirds of the work will consist of specimens of the literature, which will assuredly be new to almost every English reader. For twelve centuries Japan has had a literature of which, forty years ago, no Englishman had read a line. It is a curious fact, too, that many of the greatest Japanese writers have been women. The specimens will represent all periods down to the present day. Mr. Heinemann also announces "The Cuban and Porto Rican Campaigns," by Richard Harding Davis, a reproduction of articles originally written for *Scribner's Magazine*. Mr. Davis's work has a literary quality seldom found even in the best war correspondence. The work is illustrated by many photographs.—Messrs. George Newnes, Ltd., are doing good service by arranging to popularise some of the most famous books of the present generation. They now propose to issue, in arrangement with the original publishers (Sampson Low & Co.), Mr. Henry M. Stanley's "Through the Dark Continent" in sixpenny parts. It will contain the original illustrations and maps, and a new introduction by the author.—A second edition of "Dan Leno, Hys Booke" (Greening & Co.) is now in preparation to supply the demand unsatisfied by the first, which, though large, was exhausted in a fortnight. A third is in preparation, and will contain an "appreciation" by Mr. Clement Scott.

OBITUARY.

EARL POULETT was at one time well known on the Turf, but his name was most familiar to the public in connection with the case of disputed succession, which exhibits one of the drawbacks of a hereditary legislature.—General Michael Annenkoff had had a distinguished career in the Russian Army, but is best known as the creator of the great Transcaspian Railway, which has secured Central Asia to the arms and the commerce of Russia.—Mr. J. G. Holburn, Liberal M.P. for North-West Lanarkshire since 1895, had been for many years a prominent trade unionist in Scotland.—Dr. Joseph Coats, Professor of Pathology in the University of Glasgow, had been a prominent teacher of and writer on his subject until disabled a few years ago by ill-health. He was a leading member of the Baptist Communion in Scotland.—The Rev. Thomas Hincks, F.R.S., had been a Unitarian Minister, and was a high authority on marine zoology.—Mr. A. H. Garland had been Attorney-General of the United States in Mr. Cleveland's first Administration.—M. Adolphe Dennery had been for some sixty years past an industrious provider of melodrama for the Parisian public.

LEADERLESS PARTIES.

THERE can be no doubt as to the fact that the Liberal party is suffering heavily just now from its want of definite leadership, and of someone to whom the Opposition in the House of Commons, at least, can look for direct and responsible guidance. The failure to provide a candidate for the Epsom division of Surrey may be regarded as directly due to the fact that we are at present without any actual leader. Another vacancy has now occurred in the House of Commons through the death of Mr. Holburn, one of the Lanarkshire Members. On this occasion it is a Liberal seat that has become vacant, and it is, of course, one which, in the opinion of every Liberal, ought to be retained. Yet, if it were necessary to fight the contest at once, it is clear that the Liberal candidate would have to fight under serious disadvantages as the representative of a leaderless party. In the meantime we are getting fresh light upon the good breeding and good manners of the "gentlemanly" party, through their exuberant comments upon the Liberal misfortunes. Forgetful of the dismal and even tragical experiences through which they themselves passed a dozen years ago, when, for a season, they tried a new leader every few months, the Tories are exulting over the Liberal party in the style in which a party of Red Indians dances above an enemy who has been conquered not by themselves but by adverse fate. Even Lord George Hamilton plucks up his courage and flings insults across the floor of the House at his natural opponents. We do not dwell upon any of these matters because they are of serious moment. But they illustrate the practical inconveniences of the present situation, and prove the necessity for the termination at the earliest possible moment of the provisional *régime* which has now endured so long. It has endured, it ought to be said, much longer than many people seem to think. So far back as last summer it had become clear that the Liberal party was without any real or authoritative leadership. We need not discuss the causes for that state of things. It is sufficient to say that it existed, and that it had a great deal to do with the depression of spirits from which all sections of Liberals have been suffering. The duty of Liberals is manifestly to put an end to a dangerous situation and, without entering into any needless questions as to the past, to take steps which will restore the efficiency of their party as a great fighting machine, both in the House of Commons and in the country.

The need which exists for this restoration of definite and responsible leadership has been illustrated this week by the publication of Mr. Balfour's extraordinary letter on the question of an Irish Roman Catholic University. It is clear from that letter that if we Liberals are literally leaderless at this moment, our Conservative

rivals are, speaking figuratively, in the same plight. A party which had a strong and responsible leader, who knew his own mind, and who was prepared to take the risks of his own policy, would never find itself in the position in which the Ministerialists have been placed to-day by Mr. Balfour's appeal. The man who, by common consent, stands next to the Prime Minister in the official hierarchy, the man who already leads the House of Commons and who will eventually succeed to the Premiership, puts forth a great scheme on a question of the gravest political importance, not as a Minister of the Crown or a member of the Cabinet, but as a private individual! He puts it forward in order to see how the wind is blowing, so that he and his valiant colleagues may trim their sails accordingly. Since their ignominious and disgraceful surrender upon the Vaccination Question we have been prepared for almost any display of humiliating weakness on the part of Ministers; but we frankly confess that we were not prepared for this. When in the late autumn of 1885 Mr. Gladstone sent forth what was known as "the Hawarden Kite" on the question of Home Rule, he did not send it out in order to discover whether public opinion was favourable to it, but in order that the country might be duly warned of the fixed intention which he had formed. Besides, Mr. Gladstone was not at that time a Minister of the Crown. He was, as a matter of fact, what Mr. Balfour is not, a private and independent Member of Parliament. To conceive of analogous action to that taken by the First Lord of the Treasury, we must suppose that after Mr. Gladstone was installed in office at the beginning of the Session of 1886, instead of proceeding at once to prepare his Home Rule Bill, he had written to one of his Midlothian constituents a long and argumentative letter explaining his own views and hopes with regard to the Home Rule question, and ending with the statement that he spoke "for no one but himself." Everyone can imagine the chorus of indignant ridicule which such an assertion would have evoked. Prime Ministers, we should have been told by every Tory newspaper and every Tory speaker, have no right to speak only for themselves; and this attempt to discover in what direction the cat was jumping would have been denounced as the most pitiful and cowardly evasion of which any politician could possibly be guilty. A First Lord of the Treasury, who is also leader of the House of Commons, is in the same position as a Prime Minister. He cannot shuffle in or out of his Ministerial responsibility at his own pleasure. When he has made up his mind upon so grave a question as that which is dealt with in Mr. Balfour's letter, and given his conclusions to the world, he is bound either to carry his colleagues with him in giving effect to his proposals, or to resign his office and leave a Cabinet which differs from him on a vital question.

Mr. Balfour's letter, whilst it shows the divided condition of the Tory party, is, as we have said, a further illustration of the inconveniences of the leaderless condition of the Liberals. The First Lord of the Treasury would never have dared to publish such a letter if he had known that it would be immediately subjected to the criticism of a strong, well-organised, and well-directed Opposition. Mr. Balfour has taken advantage of the interregnum in the Liberal leadership in order to fly his kite. For the moment there is no member of the House of Commons who can give authoritative expression to Liberal opinion upon this question of an Irish Catholic University. It is a question, we freely admit, upon which Liberal opinion is greatly perplexed and possibly divided. There are certain cardinal principles of Liberalism which are affected by the proposal to make the taxpayer provide funds for teaching which, if not sectarian in name, will be sectarian in character. On the other hand, there are considerations based upon the refusal of Great Britain to allow a Roman Catholic country like Ireland to deal with her educational system in her own way that seem to draw Liberals in a direction from which they would otherwise revolt. In short, here is a complicated and difficult question on which at present the Liberal party has no definite leadership. Everybody must agree that the sooner it gets this leadership, and is enabled not merely to deal with Mr. Balfour's arguments but with his unprecedented and highly objectionable mode of action, the sooner will it be able to discharge its duties as an Opposition. Fortunately there is now every reason to feel confident that within a few days the position as regards the Liberal leadership will have changed completely. The opinion both of Members of the House of Commons and members of the Liberal party throughout the country has clearly indicated the choice which will be made of a successor to Sir William Harcourt. It will be for all sections of the party to support the new leader when he gives effect to Liberal principles with regard to those questions on which no internal divisions exist. It will be equally its duty on those questions on which opinions are divided to co-operate with him loyally and heartily in coming to a common understanding. Happily the divisions which were made to loom so large a week ago already seem to be dwindling away. M. Delcassé's speech in the French Chamber on Monday has effectually disposed of Mr. Morley's ideas as to the impropriety of the action of English ministers and statesmen at the time of the Fashoda crisis, and Lord Kimberley's admirable remarks on Wednesday have reduced to its proper dimensions the ridiculous attempt which has been made by one or two irresponsible politicians to claim Mr. Gladstone as a typical representative of the Little Englander in foreign affairs.

PROBLEMS OF THE SESSION.

THE coming Session, we are told, is to be devoted to legislation of a practical but unexciting kind. We remember how the same thing was said five and twenty years ago, after the General Election which followed the sudden Dissolution of 1874 had put Liberalism temporarily into eclipse, and sent Mr. Gladstone into that retirement from which the Bulgarian atrocities called him out. We remember, also, how one of the first results of the policy of "useful legislation" which was then announced, was a reactionary Endowed Schools Bill, intended to check the reconstruction of English secondary education that had been initiated by the Endowed Schools Commission. For a Session which is to be in a large measure devoted to educational reform, the precedent is ominous; and Sessions of the sort now predicted are pregnant with dangers. The vested interests in the Tory party come to the front and manipulate the work of the Legislature for their own special ends. We see signs of this in one of the most prominent measures of the Session; we fear it in the case of another. The London Government Bill, whatever its exact nature may prove to be, will certainly not add to the power or prestige of that County Council which has called out a new civic patriotism in the chaos of London, and excited the enthusiastic admiration of the municipal reformers who are

struggling against the Tammany ring and similar organisations in the United States. The remarks on the Education Bill, which were made by the Duke of Devonshire on Monday at Birmingham, suggest that, if the Bill goes on to deal with local authorities and their powers, we may find the same sort of conflict deliberately introduced into the national system of secondary education as has arisen between the primary schools of the School Boards and of the Church.

The forecast of the London Government Bill, published in *The Daily Telegraph* on Tuesday, may, of course, be mere guesswork; and its contents might be a good deal more alarming than they are. As *The Daily Chronicle* points out, the Bill falls a long way short of Lord Salisbury's "Council-smashing," or even of the proposals of the Westminster Conference. There is even a sort of specious following of the Report of Mr. Courtney's Commission exhibited in it, which will probably be freely used to mislead and mystify the public. That Report, it is true, recommended the reform of the City Corporation, which, as might be expected in a Conservative Government, is now to be left untouched. But it recognised the value of developing local effort as well as the municipal patriotism that the Council has called forth. It proposed to make Mayors of the Chairmen of the Vestries, and to transform the parishes into municipalities. It proposed, however, while recognising the functions of these organisms, to maintain their subordination to the County Council, and it did not propose to lessen the Council's duties. The Government Bill, apparently, does both. It leaves the County Council the minimum of work, and, therefore, of prestige. That body is to deal only with those subjects that cannot be dealt with locally, such as the Fire Brigade, the Main Drainage, and the Parks. Instead of a great Civic Parliament, attracting men of Cabinet rank, or men who have spent their lives in the administration of great State Departments, the Council may become a mere Board of Works, with most of its present functions transferred to independent municipalities, whose proceedings will only be reported locally and seldom read. Now, if there is one thing that experience of municipal politics has taught in America, it is that municipal bodies, if they are to escape corruption, must be important and interesting. To the ordinary citizen, municipal politics are extremely dull, and municipal honours hardly worth the labour they entail. Nevertheless they touch his purse, his comfort, his health and welfare, much more closely and frequently than the national politics in which his interest is acute. The practice of dividing up functions and responsibilities between a number of different bodies, some elective and some nominated, and of controlling them by the central government, has been tried in America often enough, and is now, we believe, universally condemned. The ordinary citizen is bewildered by the multiplicity of Boards, and cannot read their debates (even if they are reported), much less aspire to control them. They become nests of corruption; and the American remedy is to concentrate authority in individuals and make them directly responsible to the people. The result in New York City has not been very satisfactory as yet; but it was tried under the least favourable of all conceivable conditions, and there is every reason to hope that it may succeed after the next election. As it is, Mayor Van Wyck is a vast improvement on the late Mr. Oakey Hall, and Boss Croker on Boss Tweed. And the victory of Tammany has not shaken the reformers' faith elsewhere. Concentration of functions, not division of them; popular control of the municipalities; and as little as possible of State control—such are the principles taught by bitter experience to municipal reformers in America. But the Government Bill leaves the City, with all its anomalies, untouched; deprives the real government of London of many—we do not yet know how many—of its functions; sets up separate municipalities, and so, in the absence of special legislation to the contrary, intensifies the inequalities of assessment and rating in London; and finally—if *The Daily Chronicle's* forecast is correct—subjects the Council to the control of the Local Government Board. It is true this latter provision runs counter to the views recently expressed by Sir John Gorst. That, however, need not preclude its adoption.

The concluding portion of the Duke of Devonshire's speech at Birmingham suggests another danger. Possibly we may not get so far as the constitution of local educational authorities during the coming Session, though most of the persons interested are anxious to do so. When these bodies are constructed, however, it does not follow that they need have schools of their own. The Duke of Devonshire said, perhaps with some exaggeration in sense if not in words, that this country possesses some of the best private and proprietary schools in the world. "Some," perhaps, but surely not very many in proportion to the school population, and capable of much improvement. But the Duke went on to indicate that the local authorities would so organise the school system of their districts as to let these schools form an integral part of it, so as to avoid wasteful competition. An excellent plan in appearance, doubtless; but we know what it means in primary education. Suppose, for example, that Church day schools are started extensively by subscribers or companies under the new Act: are they to be subsidised from the education rate and the Government grants? If they are, shall we not have all the difficulties and squabbles which disgrace our primary education imported, with infinitely less excuse, into the sphere of secondary and technical education? One of the great uses of local control is that the locality comes to take a pride in its schools; but if a parsimonious local authority prefers to subsidise sectarian schools rather than to run its own, how can its constituents possibly take pride in them? Economy of resources is an excellent thing. But an economy which hampers education by dragging in political and religious animosities, and stifles the nascent interest of the ratepayer in education by questions as to the rights of the Church and the wrongs of Dissent, will prove a very expensive kind of economy in the end. More than ever Liberal vigilance will be needed in the coming Session. We hear much in Conservative circles about the disintegration of the party. It seems as if the Government programme alone would suffice to remove every suspicion of disunion.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE little colony of Newfoundland is the least progressive of English settlements out of the tropics, but it is making much stir in the politics of the empire. It is one of the eleven self-governing colonies, and has always obstinately maintained its autonomy. Everybody out of Newfoundland has long been of opinion that it would do much better to become a Province of the Canadian Dominion, as Prince Edward's Island, with not dissimilar population and interests, did with great advantage to itself.

But the Newfoundlanders, though a quarrelsome folk among whom party differences have been wont to take the same form as in the North of Ireland, have been obstinately united in refusing to be absorbed. They went very near bankruptcy, but they remained independent. Now, in virtue of their independence, they are to enjoy the doubtful boon of being saddled for ever with the contract by which their Ministry and Legislature have handed over the greater part of the tangible assets of the State to the enterprising Mr. Reid. Sir Herbert Murray, with his Treasury mind, regarded the contract as a very bad bargain. There were nasty features about the negotiations: among other things, a member of the Government was Mr. Reid's lawyer. But the real interest of the situation, from the point of view of the political scientist, is the confession of administrative incapacity which the contract involved. The Legislature which refused to become subordinate to the Ottawa Parliament gave up its railways and docks to an individual, and threw in a vast area of land with mineral value, because it confessed itself unable to manage them. Socialism never received a more direct check, even in the individualistic New World. The railways may or may not have been worth more than the contractor from the mainland is to pay for them; that is a detail of pounds, shillings, and pence. The point is that the little community of shopkeepers and fishermen, though tenacious of their constitutional independence, were conscious of their administrative incapacity. In this they may very likely have been right; right or wrong, they must abide by the vote of their representatives. Mr. Chamberlain's decision to let the contract stand is not merely clearly constitutional, but economically and politically salutary, even though the bargain be a bad bargain and Mr. Reid, the industrial despot, turns out to be no more enlightened than most other despots. The French King could not alienate the State domain, or, more accurately, could take back what he had presumed to alienate. The British colony must be free to do as it pleases, within constitutional limits, and must put up with the consequences.

We find it impossible, however, to forget the Reid contract when we come to consider the disputes relating to the French shore. Sir Charles Dilke and other extreme advocates of the Newfoundlanders' claims seem to us somewhat to exaggerate the sufferings of the colonists. The French shore may be uninhabited, but so are many other parts of the island, and it is exceedingly unlikely that it would become very valuable even if the French lost their right of fishing within territorial limits. There may be smuggling from St. Pierre and Miquelon, but very respectable people at St. John's are not averse from receiving smuggled goods. The French are the Newfoundlanders' cat in the kitchen. They are blamed for many things which are other people's fault. Nor can we think it a great hardship on the Newfoundland Legislature that it should have been asked to pass a law to enforce the provisions of treaties binding the Crown. The Canadian Parliament has, in deference to the opinion of the law officers, given up its policy of tariff reciprocity, though the British construction of most-favoured-nation treaties does not bind the United States, and is not free from legal difficulty. The value of the French rights to France has probably been exaggerated, but so also have been the wrongs of Newfoundland. The real reason for desiring to get rid of the French rights is not that they are so hard on the colony, but that they cause an amount of friction and ill-will quite out of proportion to their intrinsic value. The facts are at bottom extremely simple. The French possess, firstly, the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon; secondly, the right of fishing on part of the coast of Newfoundland in territorial waters from which others are excluded; and, thirdly, the right of erecting huts and drying-scaffolds on the mainland. There is nothing to prevent the French from fortifying St. Pierre and Miquelon if they think fit; nothing certainly in the platitudinous declarations exchanged in 1783 between George III. and Louis XVI. The only real points of legal controversy are, first, whether the right of fishing includes that of taking lobsters as well as the cod which was alone thought of at the time of the Treaty of Utrecht, and, secondly, whether the right of erecting huts includes the right of erecting a lobster canning factory. The French may at times have made greater pretensions, amounting even to a denial of the concurrent right of Englishmen to fish along the French shore, but this is not seriously insisted upon, and if forcible measures have been taken by English naval officers against Newfoundlanders, they have not implied any admission of such French pretensions. Fishermen have playful ways of damaging their rivals' gear which can only be restrained by rather summary police methods.

Lord Salisbury agreed nearly ten years ago to refer to arbitration the question whether lobsters are fish, but difficulties as to the legislation consequent on the award have prevented the arbitration. It is hard to understand Sir Charles Dilke's view that the question was too clear for arbitration. We have seen lobsters described as fish in the *menus* of both nations. Nor is there any just ground for supposing that M. de Martens would not have decided fairly. He decided in favour of England in the matter of the *Costa Rica Packet*, though the Dutch arguments carried conviction to many Continental jurists. But we cannot regret the failure of the arbitration. It could really have decided nothing. If the French had been prohibited from catching more lobsters, the friction would still have continued. The matter is one for a bargain rather than for a legal decision, and it now seems to have reached the bargaining stage. We must consider what we want and what we are prepared to give. It is clear that no settlement can be satisfactory which allows the French to fish for anything in the territorial waters of Newfoundland. For peace sake, the few boats which fish there must fish elsewhere. It is equally clear that we do not want to prevent the French from fishing on the Newfoundland banks, which are part of the high seas and open to fishermen from Brittany, Nova Scotia, Maine, and Newfoundland alike. The hardy men from St. Malo and Brest learn seamanship there, not catching lobsters close to shore, which they can do much better at home. The point for consideration is whether we ought to buy St. Pierre and Miquelon as well as the inshore fishing rights. St. Pierre and Miquelon have a certain value for the purposes of the fishery on the banks, and if we are to have them we must be prepared to grant compensatory rights and to pay a higher price. There are reasons for thinking that the compensatory rights, as in the case of the right of Americans to bait on the Canadian shore, might cause more friction than continued French possession of the islands. No form of international agreement can prevent occasional rows between fishermen of diverse nationalities. If the inshore rights only are in question, the price ought not to be an extravagant one. They are worth very little to either nation. When we say "price" we do not suggest a money price. The French are proud without being poor, and a cause of secular controversy may almost be said to have entered into the sphere of honour or of sentiment.

We have some bits of Africa which we could well spare, and which we had better dispose of before Paris becomes anxious to "unload" the Sahara.

OVERCROWDED LONDON.

THE letters from a special correspondent of *The Daily News* on the overcrowding of London have excited a great deal of attention, but not a bit more than they deserve. The facts which they describe, and which have not been disputed, show that a percentage of Londoners equal to the whole population of Leeds live in a manner utterly inconsistent with health, with comfort, or with morality. It is, of course, much easier to expose evils of this kind than to suggest a remedy for them; but they require the earnest and anxious attention of her Majesty's Government. Yet what are the Government doing? Instead of considering the most urgent of social problems, they, the Ministry of social reform, are engaged in the preparation of a trumpery Bill which nobody wants, for harassing the County Council and cutting up London into arbitrary districts. If any real progress is to be made either with the social or the sanitary reformation of the Metropolis, the central power must be strengthened, and not weakened, by the interference of Parliament. According to the correspondent of *The Daily News*, there are four hundred thousand persons in London living on the system of one room for a family. These rooms are not confined to the East End, nor to the South of London. They are to be found in all parts, and some of the worst of them are in the West End. It may be said that this is against the law, and so to some extent it is. But law is helpless when confronted with physical necessity. The law cannot make people commit suicide, and therefore it must allow them to live somewhere. They do not want to be overcrowded. They would much rather have several rooms. But if they cannot afford them, what are they to do? The Public Health Act fixes the number of cubic feet for each individual, and forbids the inhabiting of cellars. Parliament might as well pass an Act against starvation. Nobody wishes to starve, or to live in a stinking hovel. We do not say that these poor creatures would rather go to prison, because liberty is sweet under almost any conditions. But they would far rather obey the law. If the Public Health Act is to be enforced it must be directed against the landlords. They can be got at, if the inspectors exercise sufficient vigilance. To receive rent for a room dangerous to health should in all cases be a crime, and should never be punished with less than six months' hard labour.

The writer of these letters, who puts his case fairly, without exaggeration, has condensed into a single paragraph the miseries of an overcrowded home. "At night," he says, "the only bed in the room, saturated by the steam and fumes of the day, is occupied by as many as can crowd into it—father, mother, sons, and daughters; the overplus sleeping under the bed because it is warmer than the rest of the floor." A hundred speeches or sermons could not add anything to the simple horror of that brief description. In Camberwell, not by any means the poorest part of London, the correspondent found seventeen persons occupying the same room. That is probably the extreme. He calculates that there are three hundred Londoners living ten in a room, and six hundred and fifty living nine in a room, while at least twenty-six thousand live six and more in a room. Yet even that is not the worst, for many of these rooms are used for workshops as well as for domestic purposes. Fish are cured in them, shoes are made in them, birds are stuffed in them. It would be absurd to suppose that these people are by nature less virtuous or less decent than the inhabitants of Belgrave Square or of Grosvenor Square. Nor are they less healthy. But morality, like health, is largely a matter of environment. If all the appliances of civilisation are not enough to keep many people on the straight path, what can we expect of the overcrowded poor? Unless they be saints, and indifferent to external circumstances, as no doubt many of them are, their morals have as little chance as their health. What death under such conditions means for the survivors can hardly be conceived without a shudder. A clergyman in Hoxton "found the dead body of a child on the only bed of a one-roomed home." Asking what became of the body at night, he was told that "it was placed till morning upon the only shelf in the house, where they kept the food." In St. Giles's, as was proved before a police magistrate, the children of one family had to sit up all night by turns to protect those who were asleep from the rats. The enforcement of the law is attended with peculiar difficulties. The occupiers of underground rooms in Mile End were prosecuted for a breach of the Public Health Act. The prosecution failed because it was proved that the parents also rented a room which was above the level of the soil. In St. Pancras eighteen houses with thirty-two overcrowded rooms are the property of one landlord. What is the use of proceeding against the tenants?

Mr. Horsley, the Rector of St. Peter's, Walworth, declares roundly that "at the root of the matter is the greed of landlords, who look (not all of them, of course) on tenants as merely rent-producing animals." He does not confine himself to generalities; he cites particular instances. A landlord owning streets in Walworth put up his rents by sixpence a week. His rates were then most properly raised. So he put on another sixpence, which paid the additional rate more than four times over. We wish Mr. Horsley could have brought himself to mention this landlord's name. A too shrinking modesty ought not to be encouraged. Mr. Horsley's second instance is, if possible, worse than the first. "Last week," he writes to *The Daily News*, "a widow in my parish found her rent raised two-and-threepence a week because the landlord had elsewhere been forced to do some long-delayed sanitary work—none, however, being required in her house." An act of more devilish cruelty could not be imagined. To deal with such atrocious wickedness directly is difficult, if not impossible. Mr. Horsley proposes a Fair Rent Court on the analogy of the Irish Land Acts. But it cannot be argued that tenants of single rooms in London have acquired, like the tenants of agricultural land in Ireland, a joint ownership by their own labour and capital. We should look rather for an immediate remedy to a very stringent and highly penal law against the receipt of rent for unwholesome dwellings. Fines are useless, because they merely mean increased rents. But the landlord cannot make his tenants go to prison for him, and to prison every landlord who makes money by spreading disease should undoubtedly go. He would take care not to go twice, and very few of his class would incur the risk of gaol discipline even once. Dr. Clifford specifies a house in Bosworth Road, Kensal Town, occupied by thirty-seven people who have one closet among them. How could there be a clearer or a more heinous offence against the public interest than the existence of such a

pestilential warren? *Cui bono?* Who profits by it? The man who gets the rent, and with him the criminal law should deal.

FINANCE.

THE improvement on the Stock Exchange which began about a fortnight ago has made further progress this week. The trade of the country is wonderfully good and is still improving. Trade abroad, too, is exceedingly active, and everything points to a year of exceptional prosperity. Moreover, political apprehensions are rapidly abating. Until two or three weeks ago the notion prevailed in France that our Government was intent upon forcing France into war. But lately the notion has been dissipated, and now it is with great satisfaction we note a complete change in French feeling. The Russian Government is intent upon the conference for the limitation of naval and military preparations, and both Russia and Austria-Hungary are exerting their influence to prevent an outbreak in Macedonia. In China, too, there is a great abatement of political anxieties. Thus in every direction there are promising signs of the preservation of peace and a better feeling growing up between the nations. In consequence of all this the French Bourse has become more active, and French purchases of gold shares in the London Market have been very large during the past fortnight. There is more activity, too, in Paris and the other Continental Bourses in international securities. All the news from South America, likewise, is encouraging, and the markets for the securities of those countries are getting better. Even in Australia, although the drought, unfortunately, continues very severe, there are signs of improvement. Rain fell at Christmas, and though at that season of the year it did not do as much good as it would if it had fallen a couple of months sooner, yet it has filled the tanks, and in many ways has improved the outlook. In the American department speculation has run quite wild. The rumour that the Chicago and North-Western Railway and the Union Pacific were to be bought up by the Vanderbilt interest and amalgamated with the New York Central, so that a complete through line from New York to San Francisco under a single management should be secured, gave an extraordinary impetus to speculation, and the prices of all the Vanderbilt stocks rose in an extraordinary way. In one single day there was an advance of as much as 9 in New York Central shares. The rumour is contradicted on authority, and one result has been a sharp fall in all the Vanderbilt securities, which has brought down the general market. It was obvious, however, that even without a contradiction of the rumour the speculation could not be continued much longer. It was pushed forward at too great a pace, and it is quite clear that a reaction now has become imperative.

Money continues very cheap. The Imperial Bank of Germany is expected almost immediately to put down its rates to 4 per cent. At the end of February or the beginning of March, it is understood, the new Prussian and German loans are to be brought out, and the State Bank will endeavour to make the market easy so as to facilitate the placing of those loans. Besides, the concession of the Bank has to be renewed in the present session of the German Parliament, and the Bank is naturally anxious to disarm opposition by giving accommodation on the easiest possible terms. It is likewise expected that the Bank of France before long will put down its rate to 2 per cent., and consequently it is argued that the Bank of England is bound to follow. It is, however, to be borne in mind that from now until the middle of March the collection of the revenues will be on an exceptionally great scale; that in consequence immense sums will be transferred from the outside market to the Bank of England; and that, therefore, if the Bank of England chooses to do so it can obtain complete control of the outside market. Still, owing to the action of the Imperial Bank of Germany, money has become decidedly easier, and is likely to be easier for some time to come, unless, of course, speculation should again become rampant in Germany, and create fears of another crisis. Meantime the India Council continues to sell its drafts wonderfully well. It offered for tender on Wednesday 70 lacs, and the total applications were nearly 1,090 lacs. The amount offered was allotted at prices ranging from 1s. $4\frac{3}{32}$d. to 1s. $4\frac{1}{8}$d. per rupee. Subsequently a little over 1 lac was sold by special contract at 1s. $4\frac{1}{8}$d. per rupee.

At the meeting of the London City and Midland Bank last week the chairman gave a most gratifying account of the progress made by that institution. From 1889 to 1895, he said, dividends were paid at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum. In 1896 the dividend was raised to 16 per cent., in 1897 to 17 per cent., and in 1898 to 18 per cent., while for the second half of last year the amount earned would have allowed of a dividend at the rate of 19 per cent. The chairman added that care was taken to carry forward so large an amount as to make sure of a good dividend for the following year. For example, from last year's profits £161,000 was carried forward, which will, of course, be distributable in the present year.

Bell Bros., Limited, has a share capital of £1,000,000 in 50,000 cumulative six per cent. preference shares of £10 each and 100,000 ordinary shares of £5. There is also four per cent. debenture stock of £500,000. The vendors take one-third of the preference shares and £133,400 of the debenture stock in part payment of the purchase money. The remainder of the preference shares and debentures are offered for public subscription at par. The debentures are redeemable after New Year's Day, 1910, by six months' notice, at £110.

The South Australian Government invites subscriptions for £1,500,000 three per cent. consolidated inscribed stock to redeem £1,080,000 four per cent. debentures maturing on July 1st and for other purposes not stated.

THIS MORNING'S PAPER.

By a Mere Outsider.

SATURDAY.—A week that has witnessed more than one event of high political importance ends to-day, and at its close it leaves the political situation distinctly clearer and brighter than it was when it began. So far as their domestic affairs are concerned, Liberals have every reason to feel satisfied with the results of this week. The attempt to create a disastrous schism on questions of foreign policy has failed utterly. Mr. Morley deludes himself with the idea that his old colleagues and co-workers have abandoned their old lines of policy, and he has framed a grave indictment against them to this effect. But he has convinced nobody. On the contrary, he has brought about a demonstration of public opinion which makes it clear that the Liberal party stands where it did on all matters of foreign policy—equally remote from Jingoism on the one side and Little Englandism on the other.

The collapse of Mr. Morley's case has only an incidental bearing upon the question of the succession to the leadership of the Opposition in the House of Commons. Mr. Morley, to do him justice, is not bidding for the leadership of any party, nor has his name been mentioned seriously in connection with the existing vacancy. This morning two papers—*The Daily Chronicle* and *Standard*—make directly conflicting announcements regarding the coming

meeting of the Liberal party. The first journal says that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has allowed it to be understood that he will accept a unanimous invitation to the leadership, and that such an invitation will be addressed to him. All the appearances indicate that this statement—which has been foreshadowed in this diary—will turn out to be well founded. On the other hand, the statement in *The Standard* that a movement is on foot to recall Sir William Harcourt in the hope that he would accept an invitation to resume his leadership if it were unanimous, is not without foundation. There is a small section of the Liberal members who have been working more or less actively to secure this end. But there is not the smallest chance of their succeeding in procuring a unanimous invitation to Sir William Harcourt, nor is there any reason to suppose that if he were to receive such invitation Sir William would discard his own repeated statements as to the finality of his decision to retire.

Another grave matter which has come to a head during the week is the proclamation of the British protectorate over the Soudan. Here Ministers have only given effect to an intention which they formed long ago. It is more than twelve months since I asserted in this diary that the Government had resolved in the event of the re-conquest of the Soudan that it should not be administered under the international settlement of Egypt proper, but as territory wholly under the control of Egypt and Great Britain. The international arrangements, I announced, would terminate at Wady Halfa. The Soudan itself would be governed without regard to the Capitulations. My statement, which was questioned at the time, is now most fully confirmed. The hope is that this necessary and inevitable step will not provoke any serious opposition in France. That it will cause a certain amount of feeling may be taken for granted. But the arguments in favour of the British plan are far too strong to be seriously resisted.

Monday.—Despite Mr. Morley's fear of a renewed outburst of Jingoism which is to imperil the peace of the world, there seems to be a distinct desire on the part of most politicians in this country to come to a friendly understanding with France. Mr. Chamberlain, by common consent, is the most dangerous person on our side of the Channel. The new diplomacy is even less suited to old countries than to South African republics; but even Mr. Chamberlain seems to have impressed Frenchmen with the idea that he is wishful to settle the Newfoundland question, at all events, in a pacific manner. There is a clear opening in connection with this question for a settlement that shall be equally satisfactory to both countries. It will be the business of the Liberal party to do all it can to assist in the conclusion of such an arrangement.

It is difficult to realise the fact that barely three years have elapsed since that dark Christmas season when the people of Great Britain found themselves, to their horror and amazement, on the verge of an absolutely useless war with the United States. We have travelled a long way since that moment when the American people seemed to be seized with a sudden fit of homicidal mania, and their best citizens were rudely put to silence when trying to make the voice of reason heard. But there is an echo of the old squabble in the papers this morning. It is to be found in the announcement that the English arbitrator on the Venezuelan boundary dispute, Lord Justice Henn Collins, and the chief English counsel, the Attorney-General, are leaving for Paris to-day to attend the first meeting of the Court of Arbitration. Nobody on either side of the Atlantic cares a button about the boundary question now; and yet three years ago it all but caused a war which would temporarily have ruined both Great Britain and the United States, and made all that has happened recently in the domain of foreign affairs impossible.

L. of C.

Tuesday.—The meeting at the National Liberal Club last night was, of course, nothing more than a fortuitous concourse of independent atoms; but it was both interesting and instructive. *The Times*, with its usual perspicacity, sees in it proof that the Liberal party is hopelessly divided upon questions of foreign policy. People who understand the question will be inclined to think that the meeting established the opposite conclusion. The only person of any political position who took the extreme anti-Jingo line was Mr. Labouchere. That is sufficient to prove how generally the notion of Mr. Morley's great schism is scouted by the great bulk of the party. Most of the persons who took part in last night's debate were members of the advanced section of the Radical party, but with hardly an exception they repudiated any sympathy with Mr. Labouchere, and expressed no approval of Mr. Morley's position. So far, therefore, as the meeting had any political importance it is a sign of Liberal unity rather than disunion.

I believe that the attempt which has been made during the last two weeks to bring about a movement among Liberal M.P.'s in favour of Sir William Harcourt's return to the leadership has now been abandoned. It was a movement that never had any chance of succeeding, and I do not imagine that it met with any support from Sir William himself. Its only result, if it had been persevered in, would have been to perpetuate divisions the disastrous effect of which upon the fortunes of the party has been only too strongly felt. The meeting to be held on Monday week for the election of Sir William Harcourt's successor will, it is confidently expected, give a unanimous vote to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. The place of meeting will be the Reform Club—the historic meeting-place of the Liberal party. I, perhaps, need hardly say that the story circulated by the London correspondent of the *Birmingham Post*, to the effect that a preliminary meeting of the members of the front Opposition bench was to be held at Lord Rosebery's house, is absolutely untrue. Someone must have gulled the correspondent with a tale that can only be described as a malicious fabrication, intended to give colour to the false notion that the ex-Premier has taken part in the events that have followed Sir William Harcourt's resignation. It is to be regretted that the correspondent of the *Birmingham Post*, who is often both shrewd and well-informed, should so frequently give currency to absolutely unfounded statements, manifestly emanating from someone who wishes to injure Lord Rosebery, and who does not care whether the weapons he uses for that purpose are fair or unfair.

The debate in the French Chamber yesterday was very creditable to that assembly, and it seems to mark the beginning of a new and happier era in the relations of our neighbours and ourselves. M. Delcassé's references to the Fashoda affair were both dignified and conciliatory, and it is to be noticed that he laid special emphasis on the fact that, whilst the question of Major Marchand's retirement was still unsolved, nothing was done by the Government of this country that was calculated to aggravate the situation, or to make the major's withdrawal more difficult. I hope that this assurance will be taken note of by those who assumed that the whole country had run into Jingo excesses during that grave crisis.

Wednesday.—The publication of the Russian official circular disposes of the contradiction semi-officially made a few days ago of *The Times* forecast of the Czar's proposals. It is curious that, even in a matter of this kind, Russian officialdom cannot get rid of its traditional untruthfulness. Much of the ill-feeling that has so long existed between this country and Russia would undoubtedly have been removed if either Russians could have learned to understand the English love of truth or Englishmen could have got over their contempt for the man who lies. Happily, however, this difference between the

two peoples does not seem to affect the growing desire on all sides to find some means of lessening the risk of wars. Yesterday was indeed a great day for the cause of international peace. It witnessed the assembling of the Venezuelan arbitrators in Paris; it saw a debate in the French Chamber on the question of arbitration; it gave us the official programme of the Czar's proposals, and most happily it brought with it further evidence of the fact that the French Press has realised the desirableness of arriving at an honourable arrangement with this country. If only the people who in London and other English cities are raising the anti-Jingo cry for personal or party purposes will cease to provoke the inevitable retaliation of equally foolish people at the other end of the scale, we may reasonably hope for a distinct improvement in the whole international situation.

Thursday.—Ministers are at their old game again. Mr. Balfour's letter on the Irish University Question is a confession of the fact that the Cabinet cannot make up its mind upon a question of vital importance and is flying a kite in order that it may find out how the wind is blowing. The notion that a man who is First Lord of the Treasury, leader of the House of Commons, and next Tory Prime Minister, can make an independent and unofficial pronouncement upon such a question as that of the establishment of an Irish Catholic University, is ridiculous. He is furnishing fresh proof of the fact that this weak Ministry can only follow the cult of the jumping cat. When the cat jumps as strongly as it did in the case of Khartoum or of Fashoda, Ministers make as magnificent a display of strength and activity as that with which Mr. Pecksniff's horse used to gratify the onlooker; but when matters are in doubt, as in China, or when there is danger of losing votes, as in tampering with the vaccination laws and endowing a Roman Catholic university, they are as timid as hares, and try to creep behind any stone in order to hide themselves. It will be interesting to see what their Protestant friends in Ireland have to say in reply to the ingenuous invitation addressed to them by Mr. Balfour.

The speech of Lord Kimberley yesterday was excellent. It may be regarded as having given the *coup de grâce* to the talk of a Jingo schism in the Liberal party. One would recommend to Mr. Labouchere—who was not always an admirer of Mr. Gladstone and who is strangely forgetful of Mr. Gladstone's ideas of a sound foreign policy—that passage in Lord Kimberley's speech in which he touches upon the true Gladstonian policy. After all, the late Foreign Secretary is a better authority upon that subject than the member for Northampton, who never lost an opportunity of voting against the foreign policy of the Liberal party when Mr. Gladstone was its leader.

Friday.—Amid a good deal of conflicting rumour it seems clear that Mr. Rhodes has not secured any practical support from the Government for his Cape to Cairo railroad, and that for the present he is content with the assistance that is to be given him in extending the Bulawayo line to the Zambesi. Most persons will be of opinion that this is quite as much as Mr. Rhodes himself can have expected to obtain at this moment. The Cape to Cairo scheme is a magnificent castle in the air, and it will remain in the air for many a year to come. But to push up the railway connection from the Cape to the Zambesi is practical work, and Mr. Rhodes is likely to see this part of his scheme realised before long. In the meantime there remains another work upon which, I believe, he is specially intent. This is the Cape to Cairo telegraph line. It is to further this project and not any railway plans that he is going to Egypt.

Many members of Parliament are beginning to show themselves in Pall Mall. The Liberals are full of the meeting of Monday week. It is hoped that it will pass off with complete unanimity.

THE ETHICS OF RELIGIOUS CONFORMITY.

SMOKELESS powder, and in time, perhaps, noiseless guns, would symbolise most fitly the deadliest strife. The captains and the shouting belong to a less murderous period of warfare. Just at this moment there is a great deal of brawling going on in that body which Gibbon irreverently styled "My Mamma the Church of England." In the columns of the *Times* Sir William Harcourt, a newspaper controversialist from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, thunders and volleys against perjured priests who are seeking to Catholicise John Bull, to make him—sturdy Erastian that he always ought to be—an invoker of saints, a worshipper of wafers, led by the nose by a priest, and that priest as often as not a married man. To this dreadful indictment certain of the clergy reply that they are bound to restore to the faithful laity of a living branch of the Holy Catholic Church the complete cycle of Catholic doctrine and the full blessings of Catholic worship. They cannot banish their Blessed Lord from His Altar or forego the religious delights of incense. Before the century is out we may chance

> To hear the blessed mutter of the Mass,
> And see God made and eaten all day long

both in St. Paul's and the Abbey Church of Westminster. Mr. Samuel Smith, himself a dogmatist in every bone of his body, shudders at the thought of the return of the Ages of Faith, and in his imagination sees this realm of Britain submerged once again by an ocean of superstition. The Mass is upon us! Who can say how long it will be before pious testators will once more set apart portions of their estates for the saying of masses? One old testament now lies before us:—

> And I will and direct that those that are learned say matins, primes, and hours of Our Lady, and also the psalm of *De Profundis*, and once in the week at their leisure the Seventh Psalm and the Litany, and *Placebo* and *Dirge* for the souls of one William Pykenham, their founder, and of John and Catherine, my father and mother, and for the soul of Walter Lloyd, some time Bishop of Norwich, and for all their benefactors and for all Christian souls.

Are we likely to return to this? In old Catholic parlance England was "Our Lady's Dowry." Can it possibly be that the Queen of Heaven has issued her Writ of Dower! This is a noisy controversy, conducted by red and angry men. Do you wish a quieter scene for your dialectical gifts? If so, you have but to turn to the current number of the *Quarterly Review* and peruse an article entitled, "The Ethics of Religious Conformity," and at once you will find yourself breathing a very different atmosphere.

> A large proportion of thinking Englishmen feel that many Christian dogmas, as understood by their grandfathers, are no longer credible to them. In varying degrees, from mere avoidance of the Athanasian Creed to rejection of the Incarnation and Resurrection, they cannot accept the time-honoured theology.

This is the grievous plight, so the Quarterly Reviewer assures us, of a large and increasing number of "we educated men of the nineteenth century." What are these highly educated gentlemen to do? May they "go through the ancient liturgies and join in the ancient prayers and recite the ancient creeds"? That is the question. It removes us a long way from the Ages of Faith or even the Fires of Smithfield, but it is a question far more really instinct with the spirit of the age than Mr. Kensit's.

There are (so it appears) at least three courses open to the unbeliever. The first way may be called Professor Huxley's, the second may be called Mr. Henry Sidgwick's, and the third may be called the Quarterly Reviewer's, though in some respects it is not unlike Bishop Blougram's. The

first way was to emphasise your unbelief by withdrawing from the Church whose creeds you can no longer accept; to speak out or, at all events, to hold aloof. This was Mr. Mills' way; it was also Mr. Carlyle's. It is Mr. Leslie Stephen's. The Quarterly Reviewer tells us it is gone out of fashion, like the old Liberalism; and he reminds us how after the scepticism of the later Roman Republic there came a curious religious reaction. The age was still sceptical, but religious philosophies became popular—the sort of thing ladies who are not Catholics talk about in drawing-rooms, and what Carlyle used to call "bottled moonshine." The second way is Mr. Henry Sidgwick's, who thinks that, though a member of the Church of England is formally pledged to believe the Apostles' Creed, yet though he no longer does so, he is not bound to withdraw from that Church, since there is (so he asserts) "a common understanding" that a layman who does not believe the Apostles' Creed is under no obligation to withdraw; but, adds Mr. Sidgwick,

> considering how necessarily vague and uncertain this appeal to a tacit common understanding must be, and how explicit and solemn the pledge taken is, I do not think anyone who is a candidate for any educational or other post of trust, for which membership of the English Church is required as a condition, ought to take advantage of the relaxation without making his position clear.

Mr. Sidgwick, it will be observed, admits that this "common understanding" is (1) tacit, (2) vague, (3) uncertain; in plain English, that it is not an "understanding" at all. Of course, if a man systematically holds his tongue on religious subjects, he can without exciting remark, when inside a church, repeat the creeds and share the sacraments he there finds declared and administered; but that an "understanding" exists in the Church of England that its members need not believe the Apostles' Creed is, we are satisfied, entirely untrue, yet upon its supposed truth rests the whole of Mr. Sidgwick's case. There remains the third course—that of the Quarterly Reviewer. A tolerably tortuous and difficult course it is to follow, but it may be the true one, for all that. What, he inquires, are dogmas?—without which (says he) a religion cannot exist. "A pure Theism does not, in point of fact, work." What he means by "work" we cannot stop to inquire. But dogmas there must be, and they must be clothed in words capable of being comprehended by the good folk for whose ears they were first intended. The truth these dogmas convey is not "ultimate truth"; it is not "final" truth, but it is truth sufficient for the needs of the hour, and capable of being from time to time clothed in happier and more accurate language. *Behind* the dogmas are the great realities, the eternal verities, which are but adumbrated by the *formulæ* of the Church. Without these dogmatic *formulæ*, inadequate as they may be, we should not be *in communication* with the Eternal; we should be, as it were, *switched off* (the expression is ours, not the reviewer's), and we should, therefore, soon lose in our spiritual isolation the habits of mind, the devoutness of disposition, that so largely make up the religious temperament.

The reviewer talks very vaguely of the Church—the *sensus Ecclesiæ*, which he thinks presides over the development of dogma just as it is "the deliberate *securus judicat* of the whole scientific *Ecclesia*, which finally ratifies each stage of real Progress." What *is* the Church, the reviewer has not time to tell us; but, having made the development of dogma part of his case, he is compelled to notice the apparently very different way in which dogmas have developed in the Roman Catholic Church and in the free schools of Germany. Rome has made it harder for "the educated gentlemen of the nineteenth century," has piled dogma on dogma; whilst Germany has whittled dogma away. Which is the authorised process? We must now refer our readers to the article itself, which is worth careful study as a most noticeable attempt to persuade men who have abandoned what they themselves would call "the myth of Christianity" to remain communicating members of the Church of England on the ground that her liturgies, prayers, and creeds do "economically and symbolically" represent "real relations with God," though "conceivably other rites and words might do better," and that by such membership with a Christian Church no one is committed to any ultimate or exhaustive explanation; "for of the relation of the symbol to the reality we cannot give an adequate account." The reviewer admits that Regius Professors, and we presume Bishops, must remain conservative believers; freedom must be very slowly admitted into "official text-books of theology," but laymen may think as they like as to what the theology of the future will turn out to be, provided always that these free-and-easy opinions are "held in submission to the *ultimate* conclusions of the two great Ecclesiæ of Theology and Science." This is the first time we have seen this couple "arm in arm" in *The Quarterly Review*.

One doubt is forced upon us. Were Episcopacy an obscure sect in England—were it not established and endowed—supposing it was not a bulwark of the Throne, the omnipresent and unpaid agent of the Tory party, the friend of Property, would the philosophical gentleman who wrote this article in *The Quarterly Review* have taken the trouble to do so? We think not; but we submit the doubt to the final arbitrament of the two great Ecclesiæ of Theology and Science, and hereby agree to be bound by the judgment they may deliver five thousand years hence.

THE PRIVATE LETTER-BOX.

THE Post Office must be startled by its own originality. It has actually offered the public something for which there has been no agitation. The adoption of Imperial Penny Postage has apparently caused a kind of delirium of progress at St. Martin's-le-Grand, where the officials cannot put their heads together without the flash of a new and spontaneous idea. We are invited to set up private letter-boxes in our own dwellings, and the suggestion is so novel that most people have learned for the first time the terms of the expensive contract by which the private letter-box has been employed in houses of business. Three pounds a year for one collection only, and an extra pound for every additional collection and every pair of stairs! No statistics are forthcoming as to the extent to which the commercial classes have availed themselves of this privilege; but we should imagine that it would commend itself to no genius less superior to economic details than Mr. Hooley. But now the terms are handsomely reduced, and the householder may have his own letter-box for a pound a year and two collections a day, with extra collections for a yearly charge of ten shillings apiece. There must be something fascinating in the proposal, or there would not be so many callers at the G.P.O. in search of information. Much of this zeal may be due to incredulity and mere curiosity. That the Post Office should do anything of its own accord is alone sufficient to upheave the public mind. Despite the formal announcement many people must have said, "This is a hoax," and have called at St. Martin's-le-Grand to make sure.

It is clear that the official mind is still too much agitated to grasp all the bearings of its new experiment. One gentleman in authority who yielded to the importunity of an interviewer, suggested that the new boxes should be "wooden receptacles" attached to the railings. It did not occur to him that any expert thief would keep his hand in by promptly removing these receptacles in search of unconsidered trifles like stamps and postal orders. A milkcan may hang securely on the railings, because the expert thief has that contempt for milk and its vessels which distinguished Mr. Eccles. But a letter-box in the same position would not be

thus despised; and even if it were not stolen for the sake of its contents, it would be an eyesore to every young Hooligan until it was spirited away. The fresh young enthusiasm of the G.P.O has not thought of this. It pictures the West-End householders eager "to post their letters themselves rather than be under the necessity, as they are at present, of sending out servants late at night to the nearest pillar-box or post-office." But does the average householder feel this necessity as such a hardship that he is willing to pay a pound a year or more to escape from it? He pays his servants to take letters to the post, and if he has a private letter-box he will not be able to deduct the pound a year from their wages. He is not, as a rule, fearful that a servant will steal his letters or drop them carelessly in the gutter. Very often he likes to stroll to the pillar-box himself before going to bed. The ordinary conveniences for posting in London have been multiplied of late years, especially in the West End, till pillar-boxes catch the eye at nearly every turning. What is the special inducement for people who enjoy these facilities to tax themselves for a private letter-box over which they are to have no control, though it is their own property?

Here we have the special characteristic of the new regulations. The householder must pay for his letter-box, but must never open it. He must pay for the keys and the locks, but never use them. The Post Office will kindly keep them in repair, but will not allow him to remove a letter from his own box. What does it matter to the postal authorities that a man should change his mind about a letter and wish to have it back? It is natural to prevent him from rummaging in a pillar-box on the plea of extracting some ill-conceived or misdirected epistle; but it may strike him as unreasonable that a letter dropped into his private box should be out of his reach. The Post Office may have excellent reasons for treating this receptacle as a sanctuary of which (at the nominal owner's expense) it is the sole guardian. But if an Englishman's house is his castle, how is he to be persuaded that his letter-box is outside his jurisdiction? The Post Office has sometimes excited misgivings in conservative minds that it is an instrument of Socialism—the thick end of the wedge; but by the new regulations it proposes to invade the family, to mock at our privacy, to regard the citizen who opens his letter-box as an offender against the law. He is no better than a housebreaker in his own house! Is this the kind of anomaly that will commend itself to a people who accept a multitude of anomalies for the sake of practical convenience? The Post Office is amiably willing to consider the suggestion that the new letter-box should be let into the wall so that letters may be posted inside the house and collected outside. How many independent citizens who adopt this plan will be content to have their side of the box hermetically sealed? How many will resist the temptation to open it by stealth, or to summon the whole household to an assault upon this symbol of arbitrary power?

It is not plain how far the Post Office admits its responsibility for letters confided to its boxes. Every box for which three pounds a year was paid bore this inscription: "A postal packet put into this box will not, for the purposes of any enactment, law, or contract whereby the due posting of a postal packet is evidence of the receipt thereof by the addressee, be deemed to have been duly posted." This reads like a free adaptation of the legend of Peter Piper and the peck of pickled pepper. If Peter Piper posted a packet of pickled pepper, where is the packet of pickled pepper that Peter Piper posted? The Post Office does not know, and refuses to be held responsible. It may be that this prudent reserve dissuaded many commercial men from paying three pounds a year for a letter-box, with an extra charge for the top floor. When you post a letter you do not like to be stared in the face by an official enigma which suggests that your letter will carry no legal evidence of its transmission. Inquirers at St. Martin's-le-Grand might ask whether the Peter Piper conundrum is to decorate the new letter-boxes. Our postal service is, on the whole, admirable; but as the persons who have obtained redress of grievances from the Post Office, even when legal responsibility was admitted, are unknown to fame, even in "Who's Who," the inducement to pay for a privilege, unaccompanied by an official guarantee, is not extravagant. "The Secretary of the Post Office would be glad if these boxes were taken up in thousands," said the enthusiastic official to the interviewer. We hope the Secretary will not be disappointed, for to labour for the public good without reward is a sore trial to every well-regulated mind. But there are grounds for the apprehension that the comfortable citizen, for whom this new boon is designed, will prefer to post his letters in the old plebeian way. Invitations to dine in Belgrave Square will continue to mingle in the red pillar-box with the love-letters of grocers' assistants. Immemorial habits are not easily uprooted, and the democratic habit of "going to the post" may prove too strong for the exclusiveness of the private letter-box, especially as we are not to be trusted with the key.

FOUR-FOOTED PRISON BREAKERS.

NOT to all caged wild beasts is it given, as it was to Bagheera, the Panther, "to break the silly lock with one blow and come away." Nevertheless, it is pretty certain that most, if not all, of them feel at one time or other as did Mowgli's protector, that they should be "no man's plaything"; and when this feeling gathers strength within them, small wonder if they do their best to break through the restraint of bolts and bars. The fiercer the beast the greater will be the desire and struggle for liberty. To most rapacious animals restraint of any kind is at first almost intolerably galling. Even in those cases where they appear contented enough by day—their natural time for rest—by night they will prowl round and round their dens, searching for a hole that may be enlarged, a loose board that may be torn up, or a bar that may be wrenched away, consumed with a vague, insatiable desire for freedom.

Not very long ago, the head-keeper of the Zoological Gardens was going his first rounds just after the men had arrived and the business of the day had begun. His attention was attracted by the excitement of the cranes, which were dancing about the paddocks, fluttering their wings and clattering their bills—an unusual thing, for it was January, not June. The monkey-folk, too, were restless. They had crowded to the top of the large cages, and were chattering loudly in concert, and the cries of the lemurs mingled with their voices. Then keepers with nets and ropes came running across the lawn, and it was pretty clear that there had been a case of cage-breach. In the dim morning light an animal had been seen stealing away in the direction of the monkey-house; and soon came the news that one of the gluttons, received but a few days before, had broken out of its cage. Fortunately, it had gone quietly on its way, doing no damage to any living creature. The sliding plate closing the inner compartment had been raised, by the claws and snout, and thus access was gained to the large wire-fronted den. One can imagine the beast lying on its side and, with teeth and claws, tearing at the uprights till one after another yielded to the force, and the hole was large enough to allow the fugitive to slip quietly to the ground, and steal away in the early dawn. Had the escape taken place earlier it is likely enough that the glutton would have indulged its fondness for

slaughter; for it kills for the sake of killing. But its one desire seems to have been to find a hiding-place; and after a short search it was discovered in the stoke-hole behind the aviary. There a net was thrown over it, and it was then a very easy matter to box it up, and so bring its brief spell of freedom to an end.

The lioness that broke out of a travelling menagerie many years ago, and attacked one of the leaders of a coach crossing Salisbury Downs, formerly found a place in most books on Natural History, and many men of middle age can recollect the spirited little engraving representing the great cat which had just sprung upon the terrified horse. Escape from the present Lion house in the Zoological Gardens is practically impossible, but in the days of the old Carnivora house, not far from the spot where the camels are now kept, by the clock-tower, a lion did once escape, and made its way to the deer paddocks, as if about to turn its liberty to good account—from its own point of view, of course, not from that of the Society. Cocksedge, the keeper, was equal to the occasion. Without waiting for help, he went boldly up to the animal, seized it by the mane, and led it back to the den. The cage-breach of Crockett's lions at Astley's in 1861 was unfortunately attended with fatal results. The performance—a play written round the lions—had gone off satisfactorily. The lions had been left safe in their cage, which was covered with boarding, and the place was shut up for the night. In the morning a stable-keeper, whose duty it was to clean up the ring, entered the theatre and found the lions loose. One of them attacked him and struck him down with a blow with its paw, probably killing him on the spot, though it must afterwards have played with its victim, for there were other wounds, quite sufficient to have caused death. The alarm was given, and Crockett soon came to the theatre. Armed only with a stable fork, which he used pretty vigorously, he soon drove the lions back to their den. In his opinion one of the panels was loose, and in trying to pull this into the cage, the lions burst the door open inwards, and so got out.

The Polar bears' den at the Zoological Gardens is now covered with iron bars at the top. This was done in consequence of an escape in the first half of the century, though even then the wall was furnished with iron bars pointing inwards, but over these the bear managed to clamber. The animal hid itself in the shrubs, and a strong staff of keepers soon collected to prevent it from doing any damage and to drive it back to some place of safety. This was by no means an easy task. More than once the bear was lassoed, but it always managed to free itself from the noose. It showed no disposition to attack anyone, so the men confined their efforts to gathering in front of the animal and heading it back, thus keeping it near its old home. At last it was driven into the passage between the two rows of bear dens, and here it was secured. The late Mr. A. D. Bartlett once tackled an American brown bear that had escaped from the pit by the Terrace. He was armed only with an old birch-broom, with which he kept the bear at a distance till assistance arrived. The animal then got on the wall and walked along till the pit was reached, when Mr. Bartlett "made a rush at him with the stumpy broom, and sent him headlong below."

Stratagem is often employed to recapture animals that have escaped. Nothing neater was ever done in this line than the re-imprisonment of the hippopotamus when it broke out of its house and made its way to the Superintendent's office-door. Scott, the old elephant keeper, whom the beast disliked excessively, was sent round to shout at it. When it turned, he ran as hard as he could to the house, the hippopotamus in hot pursuit. In Scott went at the gate, and up the stairs to a platform over the tank. In dashed the hippopotamus; but Mr. Bartlett was close behind and shut the gate, and so the beast was secured. Stratagem was also employed to secure some rhesus monkeys that had escaped from a cage at Sawbridgeworth, and made themselves at home in a rookery. A cage with a falling door was placed near the tree they most frequented, and baited with bananas. When they learnt to come down for the bananas a line was attached to the door, and the box was watched by the keepers. As soon as the monkeys were inside, and busy with the bananas, the door fell, and they were secured.

It need scarcely be said that everything which experience can suggest and skill can do is done at the Zoological Gardens to prevent escapes and to recapture fugitives. Not only are watchmen employed to visit the houses at night, but the police in the neighbourhood keep a sharp look-out so as to warn the authorities if any beast should escape from the confines of the Gardens. An amusing case occurred quite recently, which, though only a false alarm, shows that a good watch is kept. Early one morning a constable rang the Superintendent's bell, and informed him that "the black leopard was out in the road." Now black leopards have—not unjustly—a somewhat bad reputation. The whole of the garden staff was aroused, and while the main body, some of whom were armed, went in search of the "leopard," two or three were sent round to the Lion house to see if all was safe there. The road was patrolled again and again past the spot where the beast was said to have been seen; but not even the light from the bull's-eye could reveal any traces of it. News was brought that all was safe in the Gardens, and the party returned quite satisfied that there had been a mistake somewhere. The ground was soft from the wet, and when carefully examined in the daylight there, sure enough, were the footprints of a large dog.

REMBRANDTS FOR PHILISTINES.

THE old definition of a critic is wrong. The best reviewer of books is not the man who has failed as an author; he is rather the man who has never made the attempt, but is sure he would succeed if he did. His is the state of mind of the young person who had never played whist, but thought she could if she tried. The critical spirit abides with the consciousness of powers that have never seen the light. That is why architecture is at its zenith in this country and in this era: public bodies who know nothing about the subject make inspired choice amongst the designs of private bodies who do. The application of these remarks lies in, and will be found to justify, the sequel. And so to Burlington House.

First of all, this exhibition is of just the right size. If you are going to see it at all, you must make a slow progress round, clinging on to the rail, otherwise hats and bonnets hide the whole. There are no pictures here that can be seen by a comprehensive (not to say Academic) stare, and a rick in the neck. But even so, you can afford to allow two minutes for each painting (which sounds very little, but is really a great deal, for next to sermon-time, picture-time is the slowest in the world), and yet get the whole collection dismissed in less than two hours. Indeed, the Philistine may skip most of the landscapes, and so save more minutes for the portraits. The chief exception is, of course, "The Mill"; one likes to think of it as the very place where the painter's father, old black-robed Harmen Gerritsz (No. 27) was miller. Yet, can thirty years' absence from the paternal roof have left impressions fresh as this?

But the portraits, and above all the portraits of himself! True autographs in which you may read character without charging fees! There are eleven of them here—nay, twelve, if you count good Burgomaster Pancras, who is to the layman's eye as surely Rembrandt as the "Man with the Sword" is not. Notice how each great trial is

recorded in his face; yet the loss of his beautiful Saskia seems to have left less mark than the bankruptcy of fourteen years later. But his full brown eye remains bright to the last; is there not a suspicion of drink in the savagery of his later glances? Notice, too, how the study of his own countenance fascinates him more and more. He worries at it, piling pigment on pigment with an exuberance which increases with years. And this is especially true of his portraits of himself and of his relations—of those subjects, in fact, which gave him *most sittings*. Contrast, for instance, the "shallowness" of colouring in the "Wife of Burgomaster Six," with the depth of paint in pictures of the same date where the sitters were those of his own household. Margaretha was too grand a lady to be for ever in Rembrandt's studio—her father had had one dose of it already, for the "Anatomy Lesson"—and hence there was no time to make her canvas like a relief-map for undulating contour. The learned say that it is Rembrandt's schemes of colour which divide his work into the inevitable "three periods." Is it not rather his treatment of the complexion, his working-up of the countenance? Contrast his method in No. 59 (an old man's view of a young one) with No. 34 (a young man's view of an old one). In the earliest period his face-work is simple, thin, detailed, smooth, even when his sitters are old and wrinkled. See, for instance, the first portraits of his mother, to say nothing of his plump sister and the stylish young man (No. 16), whom Dulwich boys are privileged to look upon whenever they can take their eyes off the "Girl at the Window" (No. 32). In the great middle period, again, the face-work is more elaborate and finished, but still never overlaid—take the delightful "Vrow of Nicholas Berchem" for an example, the second picture in the collection. But in his latest manner, on the other hand, there is no limit to the mountains of colour worked into a face, especially his own strong, fierce, ugly phiz—the only model that could never be tired of "sitting" to him!

Still more marked, perhaps, is the constant indication of an eyesight which fails as years advance. The Philistine may surprise his æsthetic companion yet, by a simple and practical experiment in æsthetics! It is a rule almost without exception that the lateness of a portrait's date varies with the distance at which the ideal spectator stands from it to appreciate its best effects. Rembrandt's early work is done with youthful eyes; it is delicate, detailed painting, with the pigments laid on at short range. If you lean over the rail in your efforts to get the best point of view, it is a young man's work you are studying. But if you automatically throw your head and your body back (to the great scandal and indignation of bonnets behind you), you are making unconscious efforts to accommodate yourself to the "long sight" of age. Treatment becomes broader and coarser, and a distance which would be too far for the fine-wrought effects of youth is hardly far enough for the wholesale touch of advancing years.

Truly Rembrandt is the most interesting of artists, save perhaps Velasquez, for the uninitiated. His virility (especially after Burne-Jones's esoteric delicacy) and his directness (notice how many of his men and women, especially his men, look straight into your eyes) are qualities which captivate even the common man. Above all, he is the painter of *faces*. Beside the all-significant head, arms and legs, busts, and even clothes, matter little to him. When one stands before the "Anatomy Lesson"—alas! you must go to the Hague Museum to see it—what is it one first looks at? Not the full length of corpse, not the flesh laid bare, but—the *faces* of the living. In several of the half-length pictures shown at Burlington House, the artistic pedant might carp at undue foreshortening of arms. But who looks at arms, with faces like these to fix his eyes upon? To the Philistine, at least, the face is the man. If a hand had six fingers or a foot seven toes, he would not notice it. Is it not significant that two of the portraits in this small collection are of women holding *fans*, which throw their hands into shadow? Yet see how magnificently their faces leap out of the canvas in contrast (Nos. 48 and 81).

These scattered remarks are intended, of course, for none but common men. To velvet coats and long male hair they have no application. But among the great qualities of this wonderful exhibition not the least remarkable is its power of fascinating, as so much good painting fails to do, even the outcasts of Philistia itself. And who shall say that this is not the highest testimony to the most surpassing art?

S.

THE DRAMA.

"A Court Scandal."

As agreeable trifles go, *A Court Scandal* is a very agreeable trifle. It begins at nine, so that you need not hurry over dinner, and it is finished by a quarter-past eleven, so that you need not hurry to catch your last suburban train. It offers you a string of pretty faces and a wardrobe of pretty costumes; it offers you a mental alternative for whist or billiards, or "a little music, Maria, dear." You may just as well look at it as doze over your evening paper. For playgoers who select this entertainment by the toss of a coin—heads, Dan Leno; tails, *A Court Scandal*—it is just the thing. If it had been set to music by Offenbach, it would have been perfect. Further (and the mere phrase must recommend it to every loyal Briton), the play is now celebrating its "Diamond Jubilee." It is an adaptation, by Messrs. Aubrey Boucicault and Osmond Shillingford, of *Les Premières Armes de Richelieu*, by MM. Bayard and Dumanoir, which was produced at the Palais Royal just sixty years ago. "C'est gai, vif, égrillard, leste de mots, leste d'idée," said Théophile Gautier of the original play, "mais c'est amusant." It has been very drastically Bowdlerised in the present adaptation—"mais c'est amusant."

If only the gay Richelieu (a famous Déjazet part) could have been played by Miss Nelly Farren! But the English Déjazet has taken a farewell of the stage, and so we have to make the best of Mr. Seymour Hicks. I have a deep-rooted conviction that the real Duke de Richelieu was not in the least like Mr. Seymour Hicks, but then he was probably not in the least like Déjazet or Miss Nelly Farren. And after all we are not now concerned with the real Duke, who was an unmitigated scoundrel, but with a purely conventional figure, a Cherubino with a touch of sentiment, whom the Countess Almaviva may kiss without thought of harm. But the Countess Almaviva in this case happens to be the Duchess de Bourgogne, a princess of the blood royal, and when innocent Cherubino tells all the court of her kiss, she determines to read him a sharp lesson. She had promised him a present, and, before everybody, hands it to him in a dainty box. He anticipates a commission in one of the King's regiments—and finds sugar-plums. As the boy has been that morning wedded to Mademoiselle de Noailles, who already despises him for his boyishness, there is peculiar cruelty in the present. And he is still smarting under a clause in his marriage-contract, which separates him and his wife immediately after the ceremony, and sends him into the country "to complete his studies." There is mocking laughter all round him, whereupon the boy resolves to give the world assurance of a man.

He begins by sending a love letter, or rather a love circular, to two ladies of the court, Mademoiselle de Nocé, and the Baronne de Bellechasse; and the circular brings the ladies to his apartment simultaneously. Of course (in the English adaptation), they have both come to upbraid him for his insolence. At this moment two gentlemen are announced, the

Chevalier de Matignon and the Baron de Bellechasse—the lover of one lady, and the husband of the other. Then, if you remember the screen scene in *The School for Scandal*, you know what is bound to happen. The ladies are rapidly hidden, and the gentlemen, who have caught the whisk of a petticoat, begin to snigger. They roar with laughter when the Chevalier gets a glimpse of the Baronne, and the Baron comes face to face with Mlle. de Nocé. Then there is an interchange of "discoveries"; the Chevalier comes face to face with Mlle. de Nocé and the Baron with his Baronne—and now it is the Duke's turn to laugh.

He has forthwith two duels on his hands, and in both he comes off an easy victor. His manhood is established; his wife falls into his arms; the Duchess de Bourgogne gives him his commission; and you may depart for your suburban train with the knowledge that Scribism is once more in possession of the English stage. In a play of this kind I find it impossible to take the artists seriously. All sorts of objections, I see, have been urged against the Richelieu of Mr. Seymour Hicks. He is restless; he is too "modern"; he lacks elegance; he is not sufficiently "French." For my part, I should not have been annoyed if he had stood on his head, or led the courtiers in a "rollicking chorus." One does not, surely, expect verisimilitude in these agreeable trifles. A sense of fun, the trick of keeping the ball rolling, unfailing assurance, and a handsome costume—and what more do you want? If you must have elegance with it, why, there's Mr. Allan Aynesworth (the Chevalier) to give it you; and, if restlessness offends you, there is Mr. Brandon Thomas (the Baron) to gratify you by immovable stolidity. Mr. J. D. Beveridge as an Abbé, with a taste for fighting and with a curious pronunciation of Latin, is a "separate ecstasy." And with three ladies so beautiful as Miss Dorothea Baird, Miss Miriam Clements, and Miss Ethel Matthews all on the stage at once. . . .

A. B. W.

A RESTING-PLACE.

EVEN to a lover of the warmth and wealth of midland scenery, the refined distinction of colour in this old-world corner of Hampshire has a peculiar attraction—an attraction far greater than in the late August days when the hedges were white with chalky dust, and the splendour of village gardens and poppy-grown fields had a gaiety more commonplace and arid. In this light gravelly soil, within fifteen miles of the sea, the lanes and ploughed fields are not aglow with the red loam of Devonshire or the rich brown of more northern furrows. Against their sombre tinting, even the indigo bloom upon the plumage of an alighting crow in search of grain dropped by the sower, or the jewel-like gloss of the brilliant hips, will be noted and valued; still more the occasional holly-tree by the wayside, with its profusion of scarlet berries against the dark, shining, indented curves of the aggressive leaves. Hardly yet have the acres of wild Lent lilies budded in the neighbouring home farm land. Not yet has even the boldest of the wild snowdrops lifted its head above the green sheath. It will be long before the long-tailed tits who haunt the neighbourhood begin their building of those quaint nests which, Morris tells us, are sometimes called "feather-pokes," from their soft lining of multitudinous feathers within the dainty interweaving of gossamer-like fibres, with cocoons of spiders' eggs and chrysalides of moths and abundant moss, to say nothing of lichen and wool—nests where the one couple will rear a family of from ten to twelve from the tiny, fairy-like eggs. The swallow does not come here till near the end of March, and the swift is very punctual to the 26th of April. But the water-wagtail may be seen any morning stepping daintily across the lawn, and sometimes a solitary heron moves in stately voyage overhead. The starlings and plovers fly in multitudes; and full of charm is the grace of their winged procession, circling and wheeling across the blue-grey sky with its dappling of white clouds. A little squirrel was seen this morning, in gay distracting contrast to the indolent-looking, but singularly snowy, ducks and geese which saunter round the grassy pools. Some of the Hampshire ponies seem to have changed their summer coats for a kind of black and brown fur which looks almost as warm as sealskin, and they have a dreamy, untroubled air of "out to grass" which well suits the tranquil landscape. Only the brown streams are merry, and the well-worn pebbles laugh through the clear water.

There seems to be a solemn tenderness of colour everywhere. The very landscape has a look of leisure and reverie, yet a certain look, too, of garnered memories and gallant possibilities. It seems to enfold its past history as a fitting home for that Lady Alice Lisle whose beautiful old dwelling has still the restful, hospitable air which tragedy so often paradoxically claims, the tragedy which overshadowed the close of her own story. Here, too, linger quaint forms of speech, and only a day or two ago a labourer was heard to say that he did not know where some missing person was—not *hidden*, but "hod"; and a certain kind of poplar, on which, by the way, the mistletoe grows plentifully here, is named in rustic speech the "arbelle," no doubt that "arbele" with which Mrs. Browning's early poems abound. In this moist climate the stems and branches of the trees gather moss wherever that is possible, and the tints vary from brilliant emerald to pale sea-green.

The exquisite grey-green of the lichen, the soft brown of the upturned earth, the dull verdure of the lingering bramble, with its almost white downiness when the back of the leaf is ruffled by the breeze, the dead gold of the fallen oak leaves, and the black stippling of the elm branches against the pale sky, constantly give a subdued and visionary harmony to the foreground, where a fairy tale might at any hour be enacted on the very edge of the New Forest, with its classic trees and now long-faded heather. But there is a sense, too, of human presence and comfort in the neatly-thatched cottages which peer out upon the roadways near the peaceful grey-stone churches, the comfortable air of the well-to-do cattle and of the well-fed sheep in their neatly-wattled cotes, and the powerful farm-horses, with their waggons or timber carriages, that gaze so intelligently and companionably into the face of those they meet on the high-road or along the lanes, while the sunlight intensifies the delicate yet vivid orange of the roof lichen on the tiles of those more important buildings which disdain a thatch. The brimming mill-stream is fuller than in summer. Two roses were gathered out of doors yesterday, and Russian violets are blooming with delicate sweetness in the garden within a stone's-throw of the mill-stream itself. The laurustinus blossoms are in full bud, almost showing colour; and the hazel-trees have their first catkins, and, more wonderful still, the elm-trees at the end of the drive betray reddening promise of the bloom that is not due yet for weeks to come. On the topmost bough of a weeping beech a white pigeon has chosen to perch, and it is difficult to imagine anything much lovelier than this snow-white dove pluming itself peacefully against the soft unclouded blue of the midday sky.

Despite the days of rain and storm so lately passed, there is just now a beauty abroad which can only be described by the word "spiritual." Even at noon there is a certain mingling of austerity and sunshine, of bare boughs and coming blossom, of cool gales and diamond raindrops and the penetrating fragrance of fir-tree, arbor vitæ, and burning peat; and at evening, before the stars come out, it almost seems sometimes as though the pearly gates on the horizon were about to open and unfold their secrets.

From the upper windows of the house, the calmly-flowing river has the air of a miniature lagoon, a multiform curving mirror where the lines of the gravel bank, and of its own bendings and doublings, do but emphasise the placid beauty of the frequent sunset glories reflected on its wide bosom under the guardianship of those ubiquitous elms and that more lonely poplar. A rose-colour, too delicate and evanescent to have any fellowship with crimson, goes blushing through the water as the sky looks down; and just beyond it is a widening pool of enchanting colour, hardly green yet more green than blue, and edged with saffron, that is ready to melt into gold as the rose colour fades, and the green space grows fainter, and the diaphanous clouds veil the distance, and the sun is gone. Surely in sunsetting, as in all Nature's mysterious processes, there is one glory of the summer and another of the winter. Is it that January is more wistful, more pensive and restrained in its colouring, than the glowing magnificence of July and August with their crimson fires and molten gold?

A. M.

THE CARRIER AND SELINA CRABBE.

WHEN the humbler Milton folk have shown the natural wonders of their valley to visitors from a distance, they conduct them to gaze with awed breath upon the marvellous neatness of Fiddle Bridge Cottage. It is the house of Selina Crabbe, a spinster of sixty-five, thrifty in the extreme, and staunch in her adherence to the ringlets and crinoline of her early womanhood. Her grandsire, who had been schoolmaster of Milton in Miss Seward's days, had built the place after the style of the Elizabethan hall near the green, and although nearly a century had passed since his death, it was still as bright and clean as if only dating from last year.

Selina has a mania for preserving its aspect of newness; twice a year the whole of the gritstone front is carefully smoothed with crushed red sand, and the leaden lattice-work of the windows burnished until it shines like silver. But, indeed, if the old mining lore be true, there was a goodly quantity of the precious metal in every ton of lead taken from the Milton Hills. There is a little terrace running from end to end, half hidden in summer with climbing roses; two miniature lawns; and a bed on either side overflowing with sweet-scented herbs and flowers. In late winter and spring the whole garden, including the grass-plots, is bright with snowdrops and hyacinths of every colour.

It is matter for wonder that Selina has never wedded; for even in her advanced age she is pleasant to the eye. She has a wasp-waist and sloping shoulders and a straight back. Her face is round, slightly olive of skin, with velvety cheeks; there is a slight down above the corners of her upper lip. One can readily understand that she is proud of her personal charms from the care she evinces for their preservation. She rarely stirs from the immediate precincts of Fiddle Bridge Cottage, save to go to church on Sundays and saints' days, when she presents a delectable picture in her chequered black-and-white silk skirt and knitted bertha. At such times she hugs to her bosom a little umbrella with whalebone ribs and hinged cane; the right hand that keeps it in position bears also a huge prayer-book; the left a moleskin reticule, containing a penny and a pocket-handkerchief.

Carrier Stannidge is the only man who has asked her in marriage, but few of the neighbours are aware of his proposal, which was made one evening last May. Selina is a woman of discretion, and knows when to hold her tongue, and the carrier is silent from fear of ridicule. She had understood well enough for more than ten years that the widower had viewed her with the eyes of a would-be possessor; but prudence and a wholesome fear of scandal had prevented her giving him any encouragement in the way of asking him to the house. It was Stannidge himself, who, goaded to desperation, told her, as she went to the town-head well for water (her own spring having failed in the drought), that, willy-nilly, he should come up that night and have the matter settled for good and all.

For the remainder of the afternoon Selina was oddly excited. To pass the time she repolished her pewter dishes, although only a fortnight had passed since this was done admirably; then she examined with minute care every inch of her garden in the hope of discovering some lurking weed. But all was in perfect order, and amongst her flowers there was not even one with a withered petal. After tea she changed her gown thrice, and at last determined to wear her Sunday best, with its mutton-sleeved bodice and chemisette and cuffs of bone-lace.

Stannidge opened the wicket gate as the church clock struck seven. There was bravado in his air; He meant all who might see to understand that his errand concerned himself alone. He was a stout, round-shouldered man of seventy, with wispy grey hair and a rough red face; on the little finger of his left hand he wore, with conspicuous display, the worn marriage rings of two women who lay waiting for him in the graveyard. He was proud of the smallness of his feet in a district where men-folk are notorious for their large extremities.

Selina received him with considerable trepidation, and led him to a leather-covered armchair in which her father had always sat. He began to look appreciatively at the treasures of her house-place. There was an old oaken cabinet between the window and the door—it was reported in Milton that an infatuated person from London had once bidden a hundred pounds for it, and that Selina had been mad enough to refuse the magnificent offer with scorn. Here and there on the walls hung gorgeous oil-colours, done by a long since deceased village artist, who had believed himself possessed of the heaven-born gift of genius. Three clocks—one "long-sleeved," reaching from ceiling to floor, the others, painted "sheep's heads" without cases—all noted the same minute of the same hour. In short, Carrier Stannidge found the contents of the place altogether desirable.

"Et's gran' weather, Miss Crabbe," said he, "gran' growin' weather."

"Ay," responded Selina, "et ba."

Then a long silence followed, during which the carrier lighted his pipe and began to puff hastily. This was rank sacrilege, for in Selina's remembrance none had ever dared to smoke in that room. Her father had been a confirmed snuff-taker (she used his silver box for peppermint lozenges now), but he had always anathematised the use of a pipe as filthy. Yet, notwithstanding the sharp, half-angry pang, Selina could not discover that she was ill-pleased by his freedom.

"I'm mekin' mysen a' whoam," he remarked. "Et's more like whoam nor et es daan at my own haase, wi' my granchilder belderin abaat. I'm welly pleased as I towd yo' I'ld coome—ba yo?"

Selina hung her head until her ringlets shaded her face. "Ay, Mester Stannidge," she replied, "I daabt I'm kept too much alone."

The gaffer, who had much previous experience of love-making, drew his chair nearer to hers, and laid his hand on her knee. She drew back hastily, and yet unwillingly.

"Dall et!" cried Stannidge. "I've vext yo'!"

Selina shook her head and laughed. "Yo' sa I'm none used to yor ways," she said. "Crabbe by name an' crab by natyure——"

"None so," said the carrier. "I warrant yo' there's no better-tempered wench i' Milton. I've watched yo' day by day sin' my wife deed, an' I'm known to onderstand women-fowk. An' yo' sa, yo've a way o' drawing ma on wi' yor eyen, just as ef I ware a lad scarce growed up."

"Lord!" exclaimed Selina. "Et's fancy, Mester Stannidge!"

The carrier chuckled as one who understands. "A man reads what a wants to read i' the looks o' her he looves," he said. "Men's vain creatyures—vain as peacocks. An' bäin as I'd read, I med up my mind to coome an' sattle."

Selina had taken a clean handkerchief from her apron pocket; she sat deliberately folding it as small as possible, then shaking it out to its full extent.

"Well," said he, th' long an' th' short o' et es—I'm agoin' turn ower th' carrier's business to my son Jud, an' to rest an' ba thankful for th' remainder o' my days. An' I want a wife, I do, an' theere's nob'dy i' Milton as 'ld suit me half as well as yo'. So, S'lina, will yo' wed wi' ma?"

The spinster had blushed faintly. "Really, Mester Stannidge," she said, faintly, "yo' mun gie ma some time to think. I do own to likin' yo' i' a fashion—as well may ba as I e'er liked a man, bu' there's many things to be reckoned up. Yo' onderstand I'm growed *set* i' my ways, an' I dreed change."

"Why," said he, "theere'll be no change, for I mean to coom an' live wi' yo' here. Jud shall hev th' hause i' th' yard to hissen, an' wa wunna be worried wi' her brats runnin' en an' aat ayther. Et's a loovely place, this—I'ld no knowledge as 'tweere so coasey indoors! An' this chair, dear Lord, I ne'er sat in a comfortabler!"

"Et's pratty easy," she replied. "Naa, William, sin' wä're talkin', I may as well tell yo' as I'm a warm 'ooman—theere's nine hunnerd paands to my name i' Bakewell Bank, besides six cottages i' Cressbrook, all i' good condition."

The carrier's eyes sparkled. "Bless ma, S'lina, loove," he said, "yo're as well-to-do as I ba! I've bowt Silver Flat Farm, an' let et on lease at eighty paand; . . . an', moreover, reared ten childer an' started 'em all i' th' world. I've a knack for mooney-mekin': I can mek mooney beget mooney, I warrant yo', as yor nine hunnerd'll be doubled afore wa die. Th' cottage property wa'll let ba, for I'm one as howds wi' buyin' but ne'er sellin."

Selina had half risen, grasping the arms of her chair tightly.

"I dunno quite tek et in," she said. "Did yo' say as yo'd want to mell wi' my money?"

"When a man tek's a wife," he said, sententiously, "hoo turns all ower to him, for hes care o' her? Both o' mine gev theeres."

"Ay, bu' they hedna much," observed Selina, excitedly.

"P'raps not," said the carrier, in a hurt voice; "bu' what they hed they gev wi'aat a word, bless 'em."

"That may be," remarked Selina, "bu' et's a different matter when yo're after one wi' a fortune all her own. None so, mester, yo're showed yor play too soon. I've hed th' whole managing o' that mooney sin' feyther deed thretty year ago, an' ef I could keep et an' add to et so well mysen, why then, I can keep et to th' end. So, as yo' want ma just for the mooney, yo' shanna hev ma."

Her opposition dumbfounded the lover. For the next hour he strove to efface the unfortunate impression he had made, but Selina proved implacable. She had been too long mistress of her own affairs to relinquish them even to the keeping of a man whose liking, with all its narrowness, was sincere enough. At nine o'clock she began to show signs of impatience because of his prolonged stay, and finally she went yawning up to her chamber, to return with her bedgown and nightcap, which, without any false delicacy, she spread to air on a small wooden clothes-horse in front of the fire.

Stannidge, perceiving that his continued presence was out of the question, rose and mumbled a sour farewell, and went off to the "Bold Cloudesley," there to drink "four exes," and thus preserve himself from a sleepless night.

R. MURRAY GILCHRIST.

PRE-SHAKESPEARIANISM.*

NOW is "a voice of wailing heard and loud lament"; our young men see visions and dream dreams. All the woe of the world is to be uttered at last. Poetry has been democratised. Nothing could prevent that. The songs are of the highways and the byways. The city slums and the deserted villages are haunted by sorrowful figures, men of power and endurance, feeding their melancholy not with heroic fable, the beauty of the moon, and the studious cloisters, but with the actual sight of the misery in which so many millions live. To this mood the vaunted sweetness and light of the ineffective apostle of culture are like a faded rose in a charnel-house, a flash of moonshine on the Dead Sea. It is not now to the light that "the passionate heart of the poet" will turn. In vain the old man cried:—

> Authors — essayist, atheist, novelist, realist, rhymester, play your part,
> Paint the mortal shame of nature with the living hues of art.
> Rip your brothers' vices open, strip your own foul passions bare;
> Down with Reticence, down with Reverence—forward—naked—let them stare."

This ironical Balaam-curse has become a message. It must all out. The poet is in the street, the hospital. He intends the world to know that it is out of joint. He will not let it alone. With whatever trumpet or jew's-harp he can command he will clang and buzz at its ear, disturbing its sleep, its pleasures; discoursing of darkness and of the terror that walks by night. "Down with Reticence"—that kills the patient; "down with Reverence"—for whatever has become abominable. Do they delight in this? No; it is only that it is inevitable. Democracy is here; and we have to go through with it.

The newspaper is one of the most potent factors in moulding the character of contemporary poetry. Perhaps it was first of all the newspaper that couched the eyes of poetry. Burns's eyes were open. Blake's also for a time; and Wordsworth had profound insight into the true character of man and of the world; but all the rest saw men as trees walking; Tennyson and Browning are Shakespearian. The prismatic cloud that Shakespeare hung out between poets and the world! It was the newspapers, I think, that brought us round to what may be called an order of Pre-Shakespearianism. It was out of the newspapers that Thomas Hood got "The Song of the Shirt"—in its place the most important English poem of the nineteenth century; the "woman in unwomanly rags plying her needle and thread" is the type of the world's misery. "The Song of the Shirt" is the most terrible poem in the English language. Only a high heart and strong brain broken on the wheel of life, but master of its own pain and anguish, able to jest in the jaws of death, could have sung this song, of which every single stanza wrings the heart. Poetry passed by on the other side. It could not endure the woman in unwomanly rags. It hid its head like the fabled ostrich in some sand bed of Arthurian legend, or took shelter in the paradoxical optimism of "The Ring and the Book." It is true William Morris stood by her when the priest and the Levite passed by. He stood by her side, he helped her; but he hardly saw her, nor could he show her as she is. "Mother and Son," his greatest poem, and a very great poem, is a vision of a deserted Titaness in

* "Second Book of London Visions." By Laurence Binyon.—"The Garland of New Poetry." By Various Writers. London: Elkin Mathews.

"The Silence of Love." By Edmond Holmes. London and New York: John Lane.

"Songs of the Spirit." By Aleister Crawley. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

"On Oaten Flute and Other Versicles." By William Toynbee. London: H. J. Glaisher.

"Verses." By R. G. Milburn. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

London streets; there was a veil also between him and the world, although in another sense, with his elemental Sigurds, he is the truest of all Pre-Shakespearians. But the woman in unwomanly rags, and all the insanity and iniquity of which she is the type, will now be sung. Poetry will concern itself with her and hers for some time to come. The offal of the world is being said in statistics, in prose fiction: it is besides going to be sung. James Thomson sang it; and others are doing so. Will it be of any avail? We cannot tell. Nothing that has been done avails. Poor-laws, charity organisations, dexterously hold the wound open, or tenderly and hopelessly skin over the cancer. But there it is in the streets, the hospitals, the poor-houses, the prisons; it is a flood that surges about our feet, it rises breast-high. And it will be sung in all keys and voices. Poetry has other functions, other aims; but this also has become its province.

Mr. Binyon ("London Visions") sings the woman in unwomanly rags. He finds her in Trafalgar Square, notes her, states her with the poet's power and precision:—

> Slowly the dawn a magic paleness drew
> From windows dim; the Pillar high in air
> Over dark statues and dumb fountains threw
> A shadow on the solitary square.
> They that all night, dozing disquieted,
> Huddled together on the benches cold,
> Now shrank apart, distrustful and unfed,
> And by the growing radiance unconsoled.
> Then one, a woman, silently arose,
> And came to the broad fountain, brimming cool,
> And over the stone margin leaning close,
> Dipped hands and bathed her forehead in the pool.
> *Now as the fresh drops ran upon her brow,*
> *And her hands knotted up her hair, the ways*
> *Of old lost mornings came to her, and how*
> *Into her mirror she would smile and gaze.*

There is a refined terror in this that may reach a joint in the harness of those to whom "The Song of the Shirt" does not come home. In "Salvation Seekers" Mr. Binyon sinks a plummet in "the dark backward and abysm of time." "O demure Mænads," he sings of the Salvation lasses—

> Not of to-day or yesterday your home:
> Your feet have danced on old Cithæron hill
> Mad, leafy revels at the Wine-God's will,
> And your flushed bosoms panted in the gloom. . . .
> From your own selves a hunger drives you out,
> Deep as earth's roots, with music harsh and shout,
> Cries of desire, wild as the sea-gull's wail.

That is a fathom-line which sounds the woe of the world, which at least reaches a certain depth in one of the "seas of agony."

Mr. Victor Plarr ("The Garland of New Poetry") sings of "Solitaires," of the dying Hampden, of men buried in a common grave in the cemetery of Greenwich Hospital, of a grove "recently felled upon waste ground":—

> But now those chanting branches, week by week,
> And that poetic wood have been brought low:
> With jingling harness-plates and jocund creak
> The wains went to and fro,
>
> Each burdened with its dead, and, day by day,
> With a long human cry some tree stooped down,
> And still 'mong outraged nests an axe would play
> To swell the unlovely town!

Mr. Selwyn Image ("The Garland") would rejoice with unconscious nature, but it is with an effort that he casts aside—

> the lonely strife,
> Goading us on from fatal hour to hour,

and "the brooding eyes of care."

The "woman in unwomanly rags," not now "*La Belle Dame sans Merci*," has them "in thrall."

Mr. Edmond Holmes's "Silence of Love," a set of fifty fourteen-lined stanzas, is the poem that every poet writes under the spell of Shakespeare's sonnets—a poem Shakespearian in manner but not necessarily so in substance. Most poets burn that poem, or their friends for them. Mr. Holmes's version of it is certainly too good to burn. The idea that a sonnet-sequence worth the paper on which it is written can be produced as an exercise—an idea fostered by the widespread rumour that Shakespeare's sonnets were of this academic nature—is common in youth. The first half of Mr. Holmes's book, smoothly flowing and containing admirable lines, but indefinite and turgid in essence, suggests the simulation of passion; about the thirtieth stanza, however, something actual flashes into the verse, or the poet's imagination, fully awake, triumphs over inexperience. Mr. Holmes writes in the person of a lover whom a "stern mandate" holds apart from his mistress, and who consoles himself with the beauty and the sanctity of unfulfilled desire. It is a pale love he celebrates; the frequent frenzy of its utterance is a note of weakness, or, it may be, of inexperience. A shrinking from love, a terror of life, informs the poem; the singer dehumanises love to fit his mood and destiny; this also, it will be seen, is pre-Shakespearian. It is a strenuous statement of anæmic life; either that or, as I have said, an admirable exercise of a young poet whose latent passion awaits experience. I quote a characteristic stanza—

> Is it so fated? Must we some day part,
> Part at love's bidding, part lest love should die?
> And when my doom confronts me, will my heart
> Have strength to say that bitter last goodbye?
> Shall I not now, while yet the years conceal
> The tragic outcome of love's tangled play—
> Shall I not now, while yet my wounds might heal,
> Forestall the anguish of that fatal day?
> No, let me face it all, and live it through,
> Reckless of joy or sorrow, good or ill.
> Pain is my pride when love demands its due.
> I fear no fate but treason to love's will.
> Nay, if God please, my heart will gladly break
> In love's dear service and for thy dear sake.

Mr. Aleister Crawley ("Songs of the Spirit") has a remarkable mastery of form:—

> Like snows on the mountain, unlifted
> By weather or wind as it blows
> In hollows the heaps of it drifted,
> The splendour of fathomless snows;
> So measure and meaning are shifted
> To fashion a rose.

It is the very sound of Mr. Swinburne; and the whole book is full of it. But Mr. Crawley seems to have it by nature; his style would have been as it is supposing Mr. Swinburne had never written; at any rate, that is suggested by the ease and fluency of the measure.

There are many very pleasant verses in Mr. Toynbee's "On Oaten Flute"; and Mr. Milburn writes in a scholarly manner.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

SPOKEN IN THE GARRET.

BROTHER of the bootless quill, put your gear away;
Flickers faint the waning wick, fades the puny fire;
Morning wakes the sleepy street: Striver lank and grey,
Tread with me the rosy path of my heart's desire.

Just to chase the ghosts away, shake me phantom-free,
What would I to see, brother? What would I to see?
Bonny vales of olden-time, wooded hills between—
Dimples bright that pit the cheek of the county clothed in green!

What would I to hear, brother? What would I to hear?
Horns that rouse the long-tailed thief ringing loud and clear—

Thunder sweet from Ranksb'ro' Hill, when like leaping fire
Tumbles free the scarlet stream, to flood the merry shire!

What would I to know, brother? What would I to know?
Hate and Fear were far from me, same as long ago—
Hearts were warm and maids were fair, friends were frank and free—
Just to feel the quenchless hour when the world went well with me!

What is then to do, comrade? What is then to do?
Ever to the waiting brave opes the tardy way;
Radiant streaks shall come anon to rib the gloomy grey:
Fronter of the pelting storm, yonder breaks the blue!

GEORGE BARTRAM.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

"CHILDREN OF THE MIST."

MY only complaint—to get it over at once—against Mr. Eden Phillpotts' "Children of the Mist" (Innes) is that they are not quite misty enough. Mist enough, to be sure, enwraps the young hero. He starts with nebulous ideas of life, and moves through the greater part of this narrative as an honest man befogged, a moral agent who means well, but is wrapped in clouds of ignorance and must be painfully disinvolved before he learns his lesson and comes to terms with life. Morally he is a Child of the Mist, and the parabolic meaning of Mr. Phillpotts' title fits him with due neatness. As a figure, however, Will Blanchard is not misty but extremely definite. All the persons in the book are definite; the whole atmosphere of the story is crisp and clear; and, in short, the Dartmoor here depicted is not a wilderness of veiled tors and brooks "noising" in unseen villages; it is the Dartmoor of a bright day when the air is a sounding-board and the moorman on the hillside, a mile away, moves with a sharply-defined shadow.

To tell the truth, Mr. Phillpotts' patient and meticulous method is all against mistiness of impression. He is a painter of detail. He builds up his picture with an infinity of careful strokes, and if by so doing he fails to convey some of the essential glamour of a region which appeals to many of us by its large and empty outlines, if in exchanging the blurred greys for the conscientious elaboration of minutiæ we are conscious of a certain loss of glamour and romance, we have on the other hand to admit that the author knows his Dartmoor better than we do; that the difference is the difference between careless impression and sedulous study, and that, after all, one of the roads towards writing a good novel lies through sharpness and decisiveness of apprehension.

In one of his lyrics—but not by any means one of his best—the late T. E. Brown celebrated a slatternly little serving-maid at a Teignmouth lodging-house, and her artless delighted amazement when one of the lodgers to whom she ministered happened to speak of far-away Chagford:—

But, as it happed,
I spoke of Chagford, Chagford by the moor,
Sweet Chagford town. Then pure
And bright as Burton tapped
By master hand,
Then, red as is a peach,
My little maid found speech—
Gave me to understand
She knew 'them parts'—
We stood elate
As each revealed to each
A mate—
She stood, I sate,
And saw within her eyes
The folly of an infinite surprise.

Mr. Phillpotts knows Chagford and "them parts," and presents them and their inhabitants with a fond deliberateness of observation which will be appreciated by everyone except, perhaps, the inhabitants themselves; even they will find a smile, one imagines, for the portrait of the Vicar, the Rev. James Shorto-Champernowne—a figure as characteristic of the Moor as any of those parish-churches which dot the high slopes and angles of the hills, and are remembered by the wayfarer as so like each other and so different from any other churches in England. But the inhabitants themselves (unless the Board schools have wiped out the superstition in the years since I spent my own early schooldays on the fringe of the Moor) cherish a strange dislike of having their portraits "took," and for reasons as old at least as the stone-circles in the shadow of which they dwell. "From Scotland to Somerset," says Mr. Clodd ("Tom Tit Tot: an Essay on Savage Philosophy in Folk-tale," p. 77; Duckworth), "comes evidence about the ill-health or ill-luck which followed the camera, of folks who 'took bad and died' after being 'a-tookt.'" And evidence may be found west of Somerset for the trouble of gathering. It is of a piece with the belief of witchcraft that a man can be injured by pins thrust into a waxen effigy, that into the counterfeit has passed some part of his vulnerable "self," and that so much as the counterfeit contains lies at the mercy of its possessor. I don't suggest that the moormen would give this explanation of their aversion, or indeed that they seek to reason it out at all. But it exists; and to begin with, at any rate, it had a reason.

They may be reassured, however. Mr. Phillpotts has painted the Moor "from life" and the conditions of life upon the Moor. But his characters (I suspect) are not portraits, and Chagford will be sought in vain for Damaris Blanchard, Miller Lyddon and Billy Blee. Or, to put it more accurately, just so much of them may be found in Chagford as in any other society of men and women; just so much and no more. They walk through Chagford; they wear the garb and use the speech of Chagford. But they were born in Mr. Phillpotts' invention; they were begotten of his philosophy of life; and they live and move to illustrate that philosophy. It is a more cheerful philosophy than Mr. Hardy's—from which, nevertheless, it has derived something. It allows more scope to free-will: and by consequence it treats infirmity of will with less tolerance. For instance, Clement Hicks, the bee-keeper, has much in common with the Yeobright of Mr. Hardy's "Return of the Native," just as Will Blanchard, with his generous aims and wild conceited obstinacy, is a potential "Mayor of Casterbridge." But the vacillating soul, which Mr. Hardy treats in the end with tenderness, comes in Mr. Phillpotts' story to irredeemable grief and leaves a legacy of suffering for others: while the obstinate, rebellious soul which Mr. Hardy crushes between the upper and nether millstones, is by Mr. Phillpotts allowed, through suffering, to work out its own salvation and stand at last upright and cleansed of its folly.

To the figure of Billy Blee, who stands for humorous chorus in the drama, I cannot give the admiration which the author's elaborate presentment would seem to demand. His animal wooing of the Widow Coomstock—though skilfully handled as a piece of farce—leaves, to my thinking, an ugly blot on a story which in other respects keeps faithful to a high sense of beauty. He is, you may say, a humorous *tour de force*. But the Forest of Dartmoor, as accurately depicted by Mr. Phillpotts, is no Enchanted Wood in which the voyager may come upon a satyr without a shock of incredulous surprise; and beside the clean figures of the main

story I confess that this nasty old man cuts a sorry and—what is more to the point—an impertinent figure. I cannot believe, for example, that his master and crony, the honest-minded miller, would in real life have tolerated him for twenty-four hours.

For this is the justifying grace of Mr. Phillpotts' novel—that his characters (outside of that one unhappy episode, the courting of the Widow Coomstock) are essentially clean characters. The tragedy that enters into their lives is tragedy of the true sort—the tragedy which follows the mistakes of men and women who on the whole mean well and would from choice do good rather than evil. Such are the characters which Mr. Phillpotts arrays for us: and when we close the book we feel that his method of portraiture by innumerable small strokes has really justified his pains; that he has really succeeded, and left us a group of men and women whom we remember and can believe in as living persons. We recognise, too, that all had reasons in their own minds for behaving as they did; and that to the vacillating Clement Hicks and to John Gimbal, the evil genius of the tale, no less than to the characters which claim our sympathy, these different reasons were honestly sufficient. For some of the persons in this rural drama—for Blanchard and Miller Lyddon and Blanchard's wife—we carry away a liking; for others—for Blanchard's mother and his sister Chris (a beautiful figure)—we carry away something stronger; but to all we can yield the respect due to honest intentions. And in the respect (if I mistake not) we pay a genuine tribute to the thoughtfulness and sincerity of Mr. Phillpotts' work. His is not the writing which startles and arrests the reader, and makes him cry out "How fine!" He has few tricks of style. He tells his story carefully, methodically, always with a long-sighted consciousness of the end for which he is telling it; and it is only at length that the reader—who has unawares yielded his confidence—wakes up to the truth that he is listening to a tale of uncommon thoughtfulness, and a voice of uncommon, if undemonstrative, power.

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

A CARLYLE PORTRAIT GALLERY.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES. By Thomas Carlyle. London: Chapman & Hall.

ALL the time we were reading this book we found ourselves greatly wondering what its future fortunes may prove to be. It is a touchstone of Carlyle's popularity with the generations that have arisen since the day when he was blazing in the mid-firmament. To those who, like the present writer, were sealed of the tribe of Thomas thirty years ago it is a book of strange fascination. Once again we hear, after a ghostly fashion, the old thunder reverberating among the hills, awakening the echoes of a buried past.

> Veteres revocamus amores
> Atque olim amissas flemus amicitias.

Thirty years have robbed us of a great deal, each limb has grown stiffer, each nerve more loosely strung; but, Heaven be praised! we can still chuckle over Carlyle. Mr. Gardiner has during late years taught us much about the Civil War; Dr. Creighton, in his history of the Papacy, afforded us food for many mild reflections before he undertook the "priest-like task" of curbing the "too-much" of Father Stanton and spurring on the "not enough" of Canon Fleming; before the learning of Dr. Stubbs all men bow; the voluminous virility of Freeman and the undying prejudice of Froude seldom failed to please; but for all that, when unexpectedly, Carlyle once more enters the field of history, we at least can do nothing else except enlist afresh under the old banner. True it is, we count for nothing. The world (at last we recognise it) does not belong to us, but to a race of whom we know very little. What, we wonder, will *they* say to this wild voice from a grave in Annandale? Perhaps nothing. "Alas! your Majesty!" It is small consolation to be assured that Time will serve the New Age even as it has served us, namely, when its hour comes, trundle it, heroes and all, off the stage, with unfeeling composure. Some, however, must survive all vicissitudes. Will Carlyle? Who dare say! The reception given to this volume will afford some clue.

Abandoning as we now cheerfully do all such speculations which perchance are idle, and doing the duty that lies nearest us, we proceed to say that the preface tells the reader that the book in question was written in the autumn of 1843, was laid aside when Carlyle, after casting about for a subject, finally determined to collect and edit the letters of Oliver Cromwell. He refers to the manuscript in his will of 1873 "as a set of fragments about James I. which were loyally fished out for me from much other Cromwellian rubbish and doubtless carefully copied more than twenty years ago by the late John Chorley, who was always so good to me."

Mr. Chorley had done his work of transcription faithfully enough, and returned the original and copy to Carlyle in or about 1849, with the expressed hope that the fruit of so much labour would not be allowed to moulder in a box. Carlyle was no book-maker and the Chorley manuscripts slumbered through the years, and when, in 1865, Carlyle once more encountered them he put them resolutely on one side and docketed them as follows: "About James I. and Charles I. The Chorley Transcript with the Original, probably about 1849—have not looked at it since—nor will, T. C., 18th February, 1865." This is the work that now makes its appearance for the first time, being edited in a judicious and reticent manner by Mr. Alexander Carlyle. We receive it thankfully, though the intending reader must be told at once not to expect a finished book; but rather, if one may employ (and why not?) the language of the hour, a series of "snap-shots," of impressionist pictures—in short, a tentative, prospective book recording the wild plunges and false starts of a courser of the Sun before he settles down into his swing and makes straight for the winning-post.

Carlyle, though he wrote a cramped and restrained kind of hand in days which, happily for style, knew nothing of "dictating to a type-writer," had a perfect passion for the ink-pot. He poured himself out in ink. Consequently, in these jottings, which, as we have seen, were written before he was in the grip of any settled plan or purpose, we have perhaps more than enough of the lucubrations of our old friend Smelfungus, "our dark friend," "our sincere friend," dare we add "our too loquacious friend"? Though the admission is torn from us reluctantly, and as a mandrake from the ground, if anyone chooses to say that Carlyle, the preacher, will one day become even as now is the painful Dr. Owen, we shall not dispute the matter with him. He has not become so for us; for just as the Wordsworthian can still read, impossible as it sounds, "Vaudracour and Julia," so can we drain our Smelfungus to the very dregs. We believe in Smelfungus, but we will fight for him no longer. *Laissez passer!*

The book before us, though it does preach here and there, is by no means a sermon in disguise of history—its real charm is its gallery of pictures. Carlyle in his time had read enormously; but we never think of him as a reading-man. The leaden hues of the library are not upon him; it is not with ink those fingers are stained, but with corrosive and biting acids. He is a seeing man. As he bends over his Clarendon, his Fuller, his Stow, as he tumultuously ramps among the Rushworthian chaos, he is visualising many a vanished sight; he is for ever dramatising as he goes along. He pictures everything; not alone a Guy Fawkes plot, a battle

of Dunbar or the moor of Marston, but a Hampton Court conference, a Shrove Tuesday riot. When all is said and done, Genius wins in a canter. Doff your hats to Genius, all you generation of dullards!

The book opens with some remarks on the Stuarts generally:—

In Breadalbane Castle there is, or was, and in many Granger Print-books there still is, the portraiture of a Stuart worth looking at. It is the Fourth James; he who rushed upon his death at Flodden. A brave enough, kingly face, beautiful and stern, his long black hair flowing down in rough floods; carelessly dashed on his head, the Highland cap with its feather; a really royal-looking man. You will note, too, in his aspect that singular dash of tragic, of Gypsey black, still visible in his distant grandson, Charles Second, and lower. In the English Solomon, in the Royal Martyr, in the Royal Pretender you will find the same bodeful and dark physiognomic element, more or less developed. They were all of one blood and bone; the same tragic element in their character and destiny, as well as in their faces. They descended all from Elizabeth Muir of Rowallan, and were a royal kind of men—but at their best not royal enough.

It is a fine exordium. When carefully read the book will be found to contain a tolerably complete, and on the whole sympathetic, study of the first James of England. Nowhere else is there to be found so life-like a portraiture of this Solomon. His learning and his logic, his repartees and fine speeches, his potency in theology and his variety of oaths, his passionate love of hunting, his wild rages and bitings of grass, his keen insight in matters immaterial and in matters material, his depths of folly, his hankerings after the wrong things and the wrong people—all are sketched for us by a cunning hand that depicts this James for us as "an immense brood-fowl set over England and intensely desirous of gathering it all under his wings." Carlyle's pages are full of his pathetic cluckings. Of Gunpowder Plot, of the Overbury Murder, there is naturally a good deal to be said. The latter horror was, indeed, something made for Carlyle's hand. He revels in it after the old delightful fashion, and whilst cursing Dryasdust for his "foul old details," which demand, so we are again and again assured, "to be buried once and for ever in the deepest discoverable peat-bog," yet manages in a few humorous asides to tell us all about it. The fifteenth chapter may safely be pronounced a great one. It is a crowded canvas, this book of Carlyle's. We see the "Elder Dramatists," as yet new Dramatists, "gliding about as mere mortals," and if we have any cash we can meet them at the Mermaid of an evening. "There are the wit-combats at the Mermaid of an evening, if you chance to be an Elder Dramatist and have any cash left." Bacon, too, rides by "with his white ruff, with his fringed velvet cloak and steeple-hat, and liquorish viper eyes, a very prosperous man"; tough Raleigh—a tall grey-headed man (oh! deed of shame!) is led out one raw November morning, to be executed at the bidding of Papist Spain; Oliver Cromwell, "as yet guiltless of his country's blood," rides up from Huntingdon to attend his first Parliament in 1628 where he is to gaze, let us hope with awe, upon the Mace he was destined to treat so rudely, and to see Old Coke upon Lyttelton "so overcome with passion, seeing the desolation likely to ensue, as to be obliged to sit down when he began to speak through the abundance of tears." Indeed, the Parliament of 1628 was a tearful Parliament. Our pious ancestors did not make war upon their King for the first time with a light heart. By 1688 the thing had lost its terrors. Lieutenant Felton once more rides to Portsmouth and murders his Duke in a masterly fashion. The good Mr. G., whoever he was, is aroused from his deep slumbers in the pages of antiquarian Hearne, and once again at Carlyle's imperious bidding rides from Huntingdon to Little Gidding to see with his own eyes what may really be going on there. "Vanished rider, vanished horse, wilt thou not accompany them into those lone moors across these vanished centuries? Swift then, spur apace, good Mr. G., meritorious, vanished man." In the ninth chapter of the second book the reader can ride by Mr. G.'s side and pay a visit to Mr. Nicholas Ferrar at Little Gidding and be shown all over the place, and *not* be invited to stop to dinner.

The book is a very Protestant book, and apt, therefore, for these times. It would be unreasonable to expect an Annandale man, educated at Edinburgh and in the University of the world, to do even bare justice to Puseyism and New Catholicism. The Church of England was nothing to Carlyle. It stirred no memories, and excited no pleasurable emotions. Its Lauds and its Hoadleys were alike disgusting. In this book there is a great deal about Dr. William Laud and his enterprises in England and Scotland—in fact, if you care to piece it together there is quite a little life of the "screechy, red-faced little Doctor," conducting his Second Reformation.

Altars in most places, built into the East wall, surrounded with a decent rail, the priest in dispensing the elements going through his genuflections in many places with propriety. Chinese Mandarins, heathen Bonzes, Talapoins, shall they surpass us in fitness of gesture? And they but Idolators! By Heaven's blessing we shall surpass them.

This small William Laud, with undeniable activity labours at his calling "and feels himself in a situation to undertake reforms." Carlyle gets very angry with the little doctor, and calls him hard names—

"Infatuated mortal, unspeakable clothes-screen, dost thou think the living God is a buzzard-idol whom it is safe to mimic and gesture with, and worship by beckings towards the East? Thou, a pale grey faded ghost, fast vanishing from us into eternal dusk and death, for ever forgotten by men, shalt have from me no hard words.

Not quite so fast my good Smelfungus—this screechy red-faced little doctor has by no means yet disappeared; he is not the least "a chimerical personage," "inconceivable, as it were impossible," he *is* the Church of England, and may, at no distant day, be the Church of Scotland too. Never again, however, will the little man be allowed by an enlightened public opinion to tear off the ears of a learned member of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn. At least, we hope not. From the bottom of the heart we commend this book to all who love good sense, and good fun; a boisterous humour, a devouring eye, and a biting pen.

A FORTUNATE JOURNEY.

MOGREB-EL-ACKSA. By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. London: W. Heinemann.

MR. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM'S book, "Mogreb-el-Acksa," has three sides to it which will puzzle the orthodox. Its style we may liken to running waters, a moorland stream holding rhythms within the broken flow of its waters, a style natural as the old Gaelic story-tellers' narratives, which aimed at making things *move* before the listeners' eyes, move swiftly, mingle, and emerge, as life itself moves swiftly and emerges. This style may bother strict grammarians, and offend the ears of journalism, but will delight those who have an ear for cadence. Of course the irregular rhythms, broken often by the stony matter of the author's tale, need interpretation by the voice, which should rise and fall and quicken and murmur delicately; but for those who do not understand this, and prefer the sedan chair of the pavement to the beat of horses' hoofs on the moorland paths, "Mogreb-el-Acksa" will be rough going enough. Observe how naturally the style brings life before our eyes:—

By noon next day we had almost dropped the Atlas out of sight; the enormous wall of rocks rising straight from the plain had vanished; the tall snow peaks above the chain alone remained in sight, and they appeared to hang suspended in the air without a base. The vegetation changed, and once again the ground grew sandy, and the white broom just bursting into flower covered it here and there in patches, as with an air of

snow new fallen, and congealed upon the branches of the plants. And yet again we passed a range of foothills, rocky and steep, from the top of which, like a blue vapoury haze, we saw the sea; and as we led our jaded animals down the abrupt descent a Berber shepherd, standing on a knoll, was playing on his pipe. He stopped occasionally and burst into a strange, wild song, quavering and fitful, the rhythm interrupted curiously——

The second offence of "Mogreb-el-Acksa" to the orthodox is, that in drawing his picture of Moorish life the author has not bandaged his left eye and steadily fixed his right eye on the undoubted benefits of our virtuous age. The great surviving faith of mankind to which our age testifies daily is that virtue lies in *it*—in its justice, improvements, progress, inventions, and carefully-contrived system of institutions, and iron girders; and probably the age is right—the modern heart knoweth its own virtue. But, unfortunately, Mr. Cunninghame Graham does not share in the age's energetic self-love; he looks keenly at humanity's fineness, and humanity points out to him how fine are our laws, manners, machine-guns, board schools, telephones, secondary education, taxes, ships, and Press. But Mr. Cunninghame Graham, looking at humanity, does not see that the system has improved it, whereat the age is both contemptuous and angry, for if the "ignorant" Gauchos of the South American plains and the "savage" Berbers of the Atlas Mountains are really finer men than the pavements' breed, then the great cabalistic word *civilised man* may one day simply be held to be *citified man*—in its primitive meaning. And that is not to be thought of in these days. Indeed, it is clearly absurd; for supposing we have become less fine under our wholesale manufacturing of ideals and girders, shall we not bequeath to posterity the legacy of science, education, and progress? And what would posterity do without that? It has been demonstrated over and over again that the fine man armed with a spear must go down before the educated man's Lee-Metford. Therefore, what is the use of fineness? Clearly we must shut our left eye to the manufacturing town, and fix our right eye on the article it manufactures. That is fine—fine in itself, if neither in cause nor effect. It is science and progress; and we must believe in science and progress, or the whole system is done for. And we are the system and the system is us; and any man who denies the two in one and the one in two is either an unprogressive fool or a retrogressive madman. Or else he is a Don Quixote who is guilty of "bad form" in being born in our age; and if his "form" is good, his offence is all the worse. Nobody shall listen to him, though all may secretly admire him; for unfortunately the system has not been able to eradicate the natural man in us as we would wish, though "natural" pertains to the race of Gauchos and Berbers, and is suspect of the systematised improved man with Press instincts.

Leaving Mr. Cunninghame Graham's creed to educated opinion to refute properly, we would say that the artistic value of his book lies in the delightful episode of his enforced stay at Kintafi. Captured by the powerful Emir of Kintafi in the Atlas Mountains, the author and his men, within a day's march of the mysterious city of Tarudant, were brought back to the castle of Kintafi and compelled to wait the emir's pleasure for twelve days. The stream of the author's impressions of each passing day's march, here checked for awhile, forms as it were a deep pool wherein the feudal life of the Berber castle is reflected back to us in a manner rare and magical. In our judgment, these hundred pages on the castle life stand as one of the most charming pieces of observation in the literature of travel. The atmosphere of the life is rendered so delicately, the spirit of the men Mr. Cunninghame Graham encountered there is given with such grace, kindness, wit, and with such sympathetic understanding, that we feel for once we penetrate into the Eastern's attitude to life, an attitude so simple, yet so hard for the European to catch in its essence. Probably the author does not know how perfectly artistic is this episode; how it forms a centre for the memory to linger over, a little halting place where we can take breath after the brilliant, restless speeding of the narrative. For Mr. Cunninghame Graham, while an artist in his touch, is too rapid in action, in word and thought, to treat his material as the born artist must treat it. He cannot stay to fashion and proportion, though he can bring before us artistically everything he sees. But at Kintafi fate was good to him and kind to us. There, the delay at which he chafed brought to him sufficient of Time's proportioning, and gave the running water of his brilliance depth. Twelve days! and he created for us the story of Kintafi. May other emirs imprison him! or rather, may he sacrifice some days of observation to some days of contemplation when next he writes. But the stream of his nature must overleap the obstacles to its course, rarely can it wait and circle slowly and form within itself a deepening depth. It speeds, it must away. The artist's eye he has, and rarely it falls to men of action; the artist's touch he has, but not the artist's temperament.

TWO GREAT LADIES.

MEMOIRS OF LADY RUSSELL AND LADY HERBERT, 1623-1723. Compiled from original Family Documents by Lady Stepney. London: A. & C. Black.

LADY STEPNEY'S reputation as a novelist at the beginning of the century has, for the most of us, not even sufficed to keep her name alive at its end. Miss Mitford said she could not write; even said that L. E. L. wrote for her. One of her novels, "The New Road to Ruin," we remember to have seen, and no more; and the recollection it left was not stimulating. But if she failed as a novelist, her posthumous reappearance as a biographer, in these Memoirs, would seem to show she could write, and write well, since it is clear L. E. L. had no hand in this case. One would like to know, in justice to her and her memory, how far these Memoirs have been edited by those who are their present owners in MS. For there is this special interest in authorship, beyond the final value of the book considered as a contribution to the lives of two great ladies. Lady Stepney's writing, in the matter she actually contributes, has a certain staid picturesqueness and an old-fashioned dignity which are pleasantly in keeping with the Letters of Lady Russell, which the first of the Memoirs enshrines. Possibly, she had not full access to the literary remains made use of by Lord John Russell in his edition of the Letters, for she says, referring to her letters to her husband, "but few of their letters remain;" and she quotes from less than a third of those which it is open to any biographer now to draw upon. This serves to indicate that the original value of the present volume is not great, in her case at least; while in the case of Lady Herbert, where we are on different ground, one is unfortunately not quite sure where the historian in Lady Stepney ceases and the novelist takes up the tale.

However that may be, the total historic effect of her setting is, so far as we have tested it, true and in some respects fresh. And one would be grateful to her, if for nothing else, for making one read again some of the exquisite and touching passages which flowed naturally into Lady Russell's love-letters, written to her husband in time of their danger or their happiness, in the tenderness and simple piety of her heart. Once, it is when he is about to return to her, and her despatch to him must be written early and in haste, which she had really hoped to make the loving labour of a long morning. "I would fain," she says, "be telling my heart more things—anything, to be in a kind of talk with him; but I believe Spencer stays for my despatch . . . that was to be the delight of this morning and the support of the day. It is performed in bed, thy

pillow at my back, where thy dear head shall lie, I hope, to-morrow night. . ." So their love-story went on till the bolt fell, and her husband was carried to the Tower, not a year after she had written (September 25th, 1682): "I know nothing new since you went, but I know, as certainly as I live, that I have been for twelve years as passionate a lover as ever woman was, and hope to be so a twelve years more.—Happy still and entirely yours." Afterwards she wrote, and well might write, remembering the scene in Lincoln's Inn Fields one July morning in 1683, and all that went with it: "I was too rich in possession while I possessed him; all relish now is gone."

She was a splendid woman, for she shone most through the gloom and disaster of her life, and Lady Herbert is quite worthy of being placed at her side. One does not know whose lot was the harder of the two. Lady Herbert contrived to save her husband from the scaffold by changing clothes with him, but it was at best a melancholy respite. He had never really recovered from the wounds of Naseby field. Death was in his bones, probably, when Cromwell's hand closed the gate on him, and he bitterly reproached himself afterwards for letting his wife run the risks of the adventure. At any rate some four months after she, too, had made her escape (connived at by the authorities), and succeeded in joining him in Paris, he died in her arms. Lady Stepney, it must be confessed, makes a very moving story, not only of this, but of the search for his body after Naseby, and his rescue and resuscitation. And she speaks of the men whom he fought against, and suffered by, as sour fanatics. One feels that it was her womanly sympathies which led her both to feel strongly and to write here so much better than when she was dealing with fictitious themes in her novels.

THE ROMAN RIVIERA.

THE ROMANS ON THE RIVIERA AND THE RHONE. By W. H. Bullock Hall, F.R.G.S. London: Macmillan & Co.

OF those who winter regularly on the Riviera there must be many whose fancy is often caught by the Roman remains everywhere about them, and to such one may heartily commend Mr. W. Bullock Hall's historical sketch of the connection of the Romans with the Riviera and the Rhone. At the outset be it said that the book is provided with an excellent map, but that this cannot atone for the most unaccountable omission of an index of chapters. The writer's scheme is to trace the development of Liguria and the Province from prehistoric times to the meeting of Antony and Lepidus, and finally to show how the different sections of the road connecting Rome and Arles were amalgamated into the Via Aurelia of the Itinerary of Antonine. The treatment of this theme is severely historical and scientific enough to conciliate a Mommsen, and yet the result is fascinating enough to beguile the idler hours of the sojourner at Nice or Cannes. Mr. Hall has been beguiled somewhat out of his road by recent controversy into a discussion of the early distribution of population in Gaul and Liguria, and this must be condoned because the futilities of certain recent French writers on the subject want only to be brought before the British student of history to find their own refutation. The fact is these writers set too much store by smatterings of physical evidence of modern finding, and on the strength of them cavalierly override the definite historical testimony of Cæsar and Livy. They argue thus: The majority of modern inhabitants of France, especially in the Celtic regions of the west, are small and dark; but the Galli were tall, fair, blue-eyed, and akin to the Germans, though more ruddy; therefore, the Galli were never widely spread in the country now called France. The evidence of caves, lake-dwellings, and tombs goes, they urge, to support this thesis, for the skulls and skeletons found are round and short, whereas, if Gallic, they should be long and tall. The inference drawn from this contrast of *les grands blonds* and *les petits bruns* is that the groundwork of the French nation has always remained Iberian rather than Gallic. True, the Galli subdued the indigenous population and imposed the name of Gallia on their territory, but they did not displace the conquered people and were speedily lost among them. This paradox, urged by M. Belloguet in 1869, startling enough when compared with Cæsar and Livy, is beggared by the whimsical conclusions of M. Jubainville. The latter argues from the passage in which Vercingetorix is said to have raised only fifteen thousand horsemen, that there were never in Gallia at any one time more than sixty thousand Gauls or Celts. In order to eke this out it must be assumed that the infantry of Vercingetorix were not of Gallic blood, and that the Gallic aristocracy, who with their tribes and families amounted to some sixty thousand, were able to dominate more than three millions of barbarians, or, perhaps, a still greater number, as the Emperor Napoleon III. calculated that the population of Gaul in the time of Cæsar amounted to more than seven million souls. At any rate, Mr. Stock is undoubtedly right in saying that from the first the population "was too great for the existing resources of the country. Gaul was all along like a swarming hive of bees not without stings." Putting aside the recent French theories, we may safely conclude that, Gaul being between Spain and Germany, the inhabitants of Gaul were mixed: towards the south-west we get the small dark Iberian type, as Strabo says; towards the north-east the less degenerate Gauls, the more German type of the Belgic Galli who were best known to the Romans. It cannot be doubted that the north-east and central districts were thoroughly dominated by the Gauls. For the rest, the Gauls seem always to have been blocked from the left bank of the Rhone by the Ligurians and from Aquitania by the Iberians. These conclusions seem to be all that we can safely draw; and as to the origin of the Gauls, we may again quote with approval Mr. Stock:—

> The fact is that the Gauls have been in France as far back as history goes. They are autochthonous as were the Athenians, whom in other respects they resemble. We know something of Gallic emigration out of France, and nothing of Gallic immigration into it. Let us be content, then, to own our ignorance on this subject, and not claim a knowledge which the Gauls themselves did not possess. Sons of night—*ab Dite patre prognati*—they claimed to be, and sons of night we will leave them, without an attempt to dissipate the darkness that enshrouds their origin.

If our remarks on this subject have been somewhat disproportioned, our excuse must be the lead of Mr. Hall. His work is a valuable historical and topographical study, pieced together as the result of personal research during some twelve winters spent over the ground. Many names and events, hitherto little considered, are thrown into relief in the course of the narrative. Among places Placentia and Vienne, and among peoples the Salluvii, have a tardy justice done to them, and among events the victory of Fabius and Domitius over the Arverni at the junction of the Rhone and Isère in 122 B.C. Mr. Hall's topographical knowledge would make him competent to shed some light on various episodes in the history of Cæsar's campaigns; but his present work does much towards filling the gap between Livy and Cæsar. It is not to be supposed that Mr. Hall's is entirely first-hand work; he has had to piece together items from classical authorities like Strabo and Cæsar, modern authorities like Mommsen and M. Lentheric (author of "La Provence Maritime"), and his own personal investigations. These latter have served him well, and compel him to dissent on several matters from such high authorities as M. Lentheric and Hirschfeld. In his last chapters, with the aid of two authorities, the Itinerary of Antonine—"the sole official document known to us

which contains a complete list of the names of the main roads of the Roman Empire"—and the Table of Peutinger, Mr. Hall makes for the first time an attempt to reconstruct the Via Aurelia as a whole. In all he finds that the Via Aurelia absorbed five earlier sections—the Aurelia proper, the Æmilia Scauri, the Julia-Augusta of B.C. 12, the Massiliot (B.C. 154) from the Var to Forum Julii, and the section from Forum Julii to Aquae Sextiae and Arles. Altogether, Mr. Hall has succeeded in illuminating a somewhat dark corner of Roman history by his sketch of the conquest of Liguria and the Roman Province.

AN EXCELLENT COMMENTARY.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MARK: THE GREEK TEXT, WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND INDICES. By H. B. Swete, D.D. London: Macmillan & Co.

THIS book fills a real gap in a Biblical scholar's library. Modern times have meted out to St. Mark much the same neglect as was its lot in the ancient Church, where its earliest known commentator, Victor of Antioch, belongs to the fifth or sixth century. But recently it has been steadily rising in studious esteem not only as the earliest of our Gospels but also on account of "the beauty of its bright and unartificial picture of our Lord's life in Galilee"—"the realism of Mark," as Dr. Bruce happily puts it. Dr. Swete's work, then, comes in the nick of time; for though we have several commentaries of fairly recent date, and each of value in its own way, yet "none makes full use of the materials at the disposal of the expositor"; and this is just what the present book succeeds in doing. It gives the student all the available materials, gathered from very many quarters, and plants him far nearer than ever before to the actual phenomena of the Ministry as it unfolds itself amid the conditions of original time and place in the series of pictures which the Evangelist is content to hold up before us.

This is not the place to go into the details of exegesis. Enough to say that, while the commentary is strongest in the sphere of the Lower Criticism (textual, philological, grammatical), yet it does not stop there by any means. Dr. Swete has an eye for the geographical setting, and uses Dr. G. A. Smith's "Historical Geography of the Holy Land" to very good effect; and, what is yet more important, he has a feeling for the authors in and behind their narrative. By authors one means, of course, Peter and Mark; and nothing is better than the way in which Dr. Swete again and again in his Introduction brings out the personality of each and their mutual relations as implied in the features of this Gospel. Thus the phrase "my son," applied to Mark in 1 Peter v. 13, "is the affectionate designation of a former pupil, who as a young disciple must often have sat at his (Peter's) feet to be catechised and taught the way of the Lord, and who had come to look upon his mother's (*i.e.* the Mary of Acts xii. 12) old friend and teacher as a second father, and to render to him the offices of filial piety." Hence it was but natural for the Roman Christians, after Peter's death, to beg his late dragoman, Mark, to leave with them in writing the substance of those "instructions" which he had been wont to give them, whether directly or indirectly from Peter's lips and with the stamp of Peter's vivid and realistic memory still upon them. This fits excellently with Presbyter John's account of the origin of Mark's Gospel, as also with Irenæus's statement that it was written after the deaths of Peter and Paul. Only, while Dr. Swete sees clearly that 1 Peter implies the death of Paul, he is bound, by the assumption that Paul survived the Neronian massacre of 64, to hold that Peter (contrary to the plain meaning of 1 Clement) survived it by a yet longer period; in fact, till the Jewish Revolt (66–70 A.D.). This is a most difficult hypothesis in view of the lack in his Epistle of any hint of so momentous an event, and would bring Mark's Gospel nearer the final crisis of that great tragedy than seems in keeping with its calm and unpreoccupied tone. In other respects, however, our author handles the historical tradition with excellent judgment, including that part of it which gives Mark a hand (possibly with Barnabas) in the early fortunes of the Alexandrine Church, where he may well have ended his days, though the story of his martyrdom is too late to be trusted.

The Introduction is a solid piece of work, consisting of a dozen sections, the paragraphs of which are constantly followed by a digest of the facts from which they are generalised. Its titles are as follow: Personal History of St. Mark; History of the Gospel in the Early Church (which begins at Rome with Hermas and Justin); Place and Time of Writing, and Original Language (against Blass' Aramaic theory); Vocabulary, Grammar, and Style (very valuable); Contents, Plan, and Sources (in the last six chapters in particular, "use of other authorities, some at least documentary," is suspected, in addition to Peter's teaching); Comparison with the other Synoptists (to Mark's advantage, "in approximation to chronological order and in lifelike representation of the facts"—*e.g.* as "interpreting character and conduct"); Use of the Old Testament in St. Mark; External Conditions of the Life of Christ in Mark (*e.g.* the different environment in Galilee and Judæa); Mark's Conception of the Person and Office of Jesus Christ; Authorities for the Text (full and up to date); Alternative Endings of the Gospel (the best handling of the topic; the shorter ending is given in several MSS., and Mr. Conybeare contributes the facsimile of the Armenian codex exhibiting "Ariston" as source of the longer ending); Commentaries (patristic, mediæval and modern). Most valuable to students is the complete Index of Greek words used in Mark's Gospel.

We take leave of Dr. Swete's scholarly work—it hardly aims at the final quality of prophetic insight into the Master's inner mind—with sincere respect, and the hope that the projected essays or dissertations alluded to in the Preface may not be long delayed.

SPORT FOR ALL.

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF SPORT. Edited by the Earl of Suffolk. Vol. II. London: Lawrence & Bullen.

THE Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, with his able coadjutors, has now completed the most excellent compendium of the sports and pastimes of the world which we have in this country. In April last we very heartily reviewed at length the first volume; and certainly this has not fallen off in letterpress or illustrations. The principal articles are written by carefully selected specialists, and the work has been got up in a most creditable style. The first article, on the Lion, is by Mr. Selous, who is of opinion that there is no specific difference between the African lion and his Asiatic relative. His admirable remarks are based on his own personal experience in Southern Africa. Sir W. M. Conway contributes an enjoyable article on Mountaineering. This is of even deeper interest when we are informed in the newspapers of his last marvellous ascent in the Andes. After a series of attempts to climb Mount Sorata, he was stopped by a crevasse at a point just below the summit, close on 24,000 feet above the level of the sea. The temperature was down to 2° Fahr., and his two guides were frost-bitten. He doubts whether, in present circumstances, a height of 25,000 feet will be authentically reached, owing to the difficulty of conveying warm clothing and shelter to such an elevation, and to the *malaise* attending the paroxysm of the heavy breathing of the rarefied air. Mr. Tudway takes up the Partridge, the Pheasant, and the Preservation of Game. Pisciculture is admirably treated by Mr. Armistead. No better authority could be got to write on Public School Games than Dr. Almond, whose ethics of football is a masterpiece of discrimination. Racing takes up sixty pages; but it is by Mr. A. E. T. Watson, the editor of *Badminton*, better known by the *nom de*

plume of "Rapier." His enthusiasm is not much cramped by the necessary condensation. Ormonde and St. Simon are his favourites. Lord Dunraven requires no fewer than eighty-five pages for his masterly article on Yachting; no one has a better right to give an opinion on the subject. Captain Hayes supplies some capital hints to ladies in his paper on Riding. But as a man cannot be expected to know more about ladies' riding than a lady knows about men's riding (which is not much), he has referred to his wife as the best authority he could consult on the subject.

Rowing is fully discussed by five competent writers; and Shooting is taken up by Lord Suffolk himself. Colonel L'Estrange gives us a good account of Snakes; but he has not studied Professor Fraser's celebrated experiments on the cure for snake poisoning. It is a pity that some reference to antivenine is not made, seeing that the success of the process is scientifically recognised. Mr. Monier-Williams has a charming paper on Figure-skating, with a portrait of Herr Grenander, the world's amateur champion for last year, as he is just finishing a curve of "inside edge forwards." Swimming has been entrusted to Mr. Sinclair, while Mr. Henry takes up the exciting game of Water-polo and the serviceable work of life-saving. Sir Herbert Maxwell writes with enthusiasm on the Salmon; the four photographs of taking the salmon are splendidly executed. Mr. Bickerdyke does full justice to the Trout; he is of opinion, after a long experience of every kind of fly-fishing, that the amount of skill and knowledge of the habits of the fish required is about equal whether the wet or dry fly be used. Not the least interesting parts of the volume are the history and practice of the obsolete sports, Badger-baiting, Bear- and Bull-baiting, Cock-fighting, Football in the Streets, Pall Mall, and Tournaments. A very instructive paper is given on Veterinary Work, by Dr. George Fleming, C.B., Principal Veterinary Surgeon to the army (retired). Even the poacher will get some wrinkles from Mr. Innes Shand. There is a capital general index, which will be found very serviceable for reference. Among the twenty highly-finished plates we might particularise Thorburn's Pheasant, Cardwell's Lion, Bird's Isinglass winning, Henry's Yachting, and Davis's Rowing. No sporting library should be without these handsome volumes.

A BESIEGED RESIDENT.

CHITRAL: THE STORY OF A MINOR SIEGE. By Sir George S. Robertson. London: Methuen & Co.

THE story of the defence and relief of Chitral has been well told already, especially by the two Captains Younghusband. But Sir George Robertson has a claim to be heard as one of the chief actors in it, and he does not rest upon this claim alone. His book is written with great care and art, and freely illustrated from excellent photographs. To judge from their portraits, as well as from their actions, the officers chiefly concerned in this business were as fine a set of young Englishmen as one could wish to see. The author, originally in the Indian medical service, was British Agent at Gilgit in 1895. He had a wide acquaintance with the various races on the frontier, and has much that is very interesting to say about Chitral and its people. "There are few more treacherous people in the world than Chitralis, and they have a wonderful capacity for cold-blooded cruelty, yet none are kinder to little children, or have stronger affection for blood and foster relations when cupidity or jealousy do not intervene. All have pleasant and ingratiating manners, an engaging light-heartedness, free from all trace of boisterous behaviour, a great fondness for music, dancing, and singing, a passion for simple-minded ostentation, and an instinctive yearning for softness and luxury, which is the mainspring of their intense cupidity and avarice. No race is more untruthful or has a greater power of keeping a collective secret." As he elsewhere puts it: "Chitralis stick to the truth so tenaciously, as somebody has remarked, that it is impossible to get it from them." But they hardly seem to have attained that highest stage of art when a man is "such a liar that you cannot even believe the opposite of what he says."

Like Colonel Hutchinson, whose book on "The Tirah Campaign" we lately noticed, Sir George Robertson looks upon the Durand Agreement of 1893 as the origin of our frontier troubles. The assassination of Nizam-ul-Mulk was not a mere family affair, but had been planned with Umra Khan of Jhandhol, who had ambitious aims of his own; while Umra Khan himself "was being fooled to the top of his bent by the Afghan Commander-in-Chief," who, like his master, the Amir, wished to get rid of a British nominee. That British influence should ever have been engaged to support so worthless a creature as Nizam was a grave error, and one false step led to others. Sir George Robertson was sent on a temporary mission in 1893 to settle Nizam in his seat as Mehtar, and it was left to him to decide whether he should leave an officer behind at Chitral when he himself returned to Gilgit. He decided to do so, because no Anglo-Russian boundary had been agreed upon at that time, and he feared the intrusion of some small Russian party, and the raising of a cry of "Russians in Kashmir"!

> "The real risk of the so-called Russian menace to India is not the danger of any invasion, but the wild alarm of the English Russophobes, who never consider that they may communicate their own fears to the general native population of India, and so stimulate that capacity, inherent in Orientals, for vague pessimistic speculation, as well as their instinct for trimming, and for setting their houses in order against the advent of another possible conqueror."

This is no doubt quite true, but if it is a warning to the Russophobes it is also a warning against any mere make-believe measures to meet the danger. The result was that when Nizam was murdered, to the delight of all Chitral, Lieutenant Gurdon with seven or eight Sikhs represented the British Empire there; and he and his party owed their lives to his tact and coolness. On the 6th of January Sir George Robertson learnt at Gilgit what had taken place, and by the end of the month he had reached Chitral with eighty Sikhs and three hundred Kashmir Rifles. The siege began about a month afterwards, and lasted more than six weeks. The incidents of it are told in great—some will perhaps say too great—detail. The besiegers, Pathans and Chitralis alike, were careful of their skins, kept under cover, and never ventured an assault; but their constant vigilance and accurate shooting made the garrison lead a life of great discomfort and no little danger. Ten per cent. of them were killed and fifteen per cent. wounded. The two really exciting episodes were the firing of the gun-tower and the mine. Both of these occurred within the last fortnight, for during the earlier part of the siege the enemy hoped to gain their end by starvation and diplomacy. Sir George Robertson was more than a match for them, and gained the one thing needful—time. But he had a hard part to play when the two young officers, Edwardes and Fowler, had fallen into the hands of Umra Khan. The envoy of the latter pressed him to give up the fort and go by Jhandhol to Peshawur. When this proposal was declined, "looking me straight in the face, he asked, 'Supposing Umra Khan's conditions are not agreed to, what is to prevent us from taking the two British officers down to the river and killing them?' I replied gravely, 'What prevents me, Diwán Sahib, from ordering you now into the courtyard to be shot?'" But it was not till the siege was over that he learnt that Umra Khan had "behaved like a gentleman," and sent his prisoners unharmed to General Low. The affair at Reshun, where these officers were taken, the disaster to Captain Ross's Sikhs, and Colonel Kelly's march to Chitral are all well described, but, of course, only at second hand. General Low's advance is more briefly noticed.

THE GOLD COAST MANUAL.

THE GOLD COAST PAST AND PRESENT. By George Macdonald. With Illustrations. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

READERS of various recent books about West Africa, such as the Rev. Dennis Kemp's amiable account of Wesleyan missionary work at the Gold Coast, will be prepared to welcome a description of the country and the people of the Gold Coast Colony, written by one having authority. Mr. George Macdonald has been, until lately, Director of Education for the Gold Coast Colony and its Protectorate, Inspector of Schools, and what not; he has succeeded in evading the playing of a leading part in that popular West African drama "The White Man's Funeral"; and he now offers to the British public an excellent manual of information about the colony in which he has been a prominent official figure. His book contains thirty-two illustrations and maps, and some useful statistical tables and appendices; but we must complain of its having been issued without an index. This omission will stand in the way of the due circulation of the volume, and not without reason; public librarians and booksellers alike have begun to ask, with regard to any "solid" book which is recommended to them, whether it has "a good index."

The "Guinea Coast" of travellers' accounts in the past extended eastwards from Sierra Leone to the Bight of Biafra, and therefore had a seaboard of about fourteen hundred miles. It was generally spoken of as divided into four territories, named, after the products obtained from them by European "merchant adventurers," the Malaguetta or Grain Coast, the Tooth or Ivory Coast, the Gold Coast, and the Slave Coast. Of these, the Gold Coast alone retains its old designation. It is estimated that the district has justified its name so thoroughly as to have yielded over sixty million pounds of gold sterling since the beginning of the sixteenth century. And to the enterprise of what nation did this auriferous region owe its first introduction to the European trader? According to French writers, France in general, and Dieppe in particular, sent out the first navigators who visited Guinea, and the date is said to have been 1364. The claim of France is, however, strongly disputed by Portuguese authors, who put forward dates of the establishment of the Portuguese at Elmina which are in their turn open to criticism. What is of more interest to English readers is the fact that the castle or fort of Elmina was taken by the Dutch in 1638, that the Portuguese were expelled from the coast in 1642, and that England acquired the Danish possessions in 1850 and the Dutch possessions in 1868 and 1872. The first English sailor to visit the coast, in the sixteenth century, seems to have been a Captain Thomas Wyndham; of the whole connection of England with the Gold Coast Mr. George Macdonald gives a sufficiently copious and an interesting account.

In fact, words such as "copious" and "interesting" apply to Mr. Macdonald's book from beginning to end. He contrives to take the reader with him, as it were in an easy-running vehicle, through all the departments of his subject. In his description of the climate, exaggeration is scrupulously avoided, and justice is done to the efforts of the local Government to render the towns a little less unhealthy than they have been proved to be in the past. But it is difficult indeed for a white man to live a healthy life among a negro population which revels in smells and dirt. And after existing through "winter" weather so hot and dry that, during it, glasses have been known to crack and fall to pieces as they stood upon the table, the European must be terribly tried by the days of a May so damp that the cockroach has to hurry up if he wishes to sample the flavour of books or book-covers before they are mildewed.

The negro on the Gold Coast is very much like what the negro is everywhere else, but the missionaries and the Government appear to combine to do all they can to persuade him to acquire something more of civilisation than a taste for such things as kid-boots, frock-coats, whisky, and cigarettes. In the interior of the colony the native dislikes Europeans and European clothes impartially, and trembles to think that, sooner or later, white men will make roads towards his gold-mines, which are at present mere "diggings." The author gives us a vivid and careful sketch of the superstitions and family customs of the various peoples of the colony; some of his readers will sigh after the tribe which looks upon gold as fetish property, and hastens to get rid of it. Not the least noteworthy portion of Mr. Macdonald's well-arranged book is a chapter upon the kingdom of Ashanti; and one of its illustrations, "The Road to Kumasi," is such an admirable reproduction of a roadside scene of cocoa-nut palms and cottages that we must mention it; merely to look at it carries an ex-tropical back to where the wind plays pranks among the "nut-trees."

We must congratulate Mr. Macdonald upon having written an instructive and entertaining volume. "The Gold Coast Past and Present" is a book indeed, and not merely a thing of paper and print. The only Gold Coast subject which appears to be wholly omitted from the author's survey of West African matters is that of his own achievements. *O si sic omnes!*

A HISTORY OF GAMBLING.

THE HISTORY OF GAMBLING IN ENGLAND. By John Ashton. London: Duckworth & Co.

IT were surely possible to write a history of gaming at once entertaining and instructive. The material is abundant; the subject abounds in curious detail; it lacks not a certain importance. Mr. Ashton, too, has had experience in bookmaking, and ought by this time to have caught the tricks of his trade. Alas! he has not. Here is an *indigesta moles* heaped together anyhow, without order or method. There is a brave show of erudition, something of gaming among the Egyptians, the Greeks and the Latins, but all is lost on the reader, who gets hopelessly muddled and bored. Felicitous quotation would have illustrated and adorned his theme, but he has "horribly stuffed" his work after this fashion. He quotes from Charles Cotton's "Compleat Gamester" about five pages (p. 16), from a "curious little black-letter tract" five pages, and so on, again and again. The diary of Mr. Pepys is vastly entertaining, but four pages at one go (p. 42) is too much of a good thing, especially as a little later he "lards his leanness" with five pages from Horace Walpole. These examples are taken from the first seventy-five pages of the book. Incompleteness is a characteristic of a work of this sort; thus, among his frequent quotations, he omits the extremely apposite lines of Pope beginning—

> His Grace will game: to White's a bull be led,
> With spurning heels and with a butting head.

Again, he explains Wager of Battle as "a practical bet between two men as to the justice of their cause. This ordeal was in force until 1819, when it was done away with by 59 Geo. III., c. 46." Now, the fact is the judicial combat had no possible connection with wagering. The parties exchanged and gave pledges, or wads (*vadiare bellum*), whence came Wager of Battle, afterwards the technical term for the whole process. The thing was extinct before the Reformation, but as it had never been formally abolished an attempt was made to revive it in 1817 in the truly strange case of Mary Ashford. Two years afterwards the Appeal of Murder Act abolished it in England, though as late as 1857 it was recognised as part of the law in the State of South Carolina, all which is very interesting, and even important, but has nothing in the world to do with gaming in England or elsewhere.

In discussing the case of the bookmaker named Dunn, Mr. Ashton is not less at sea. He states that

Dunn was fined a pound for betting at Kempton Park, and that Dunn appealed, when the decision was reversed. Now, in fact, the magistrates dismissed the case, and the prosecutor appealed. The Court of Queen's Bench (13th March, 1897) held that the magistrates were wrong, and the case was sent back to them to convict. This was the only tribunal to which an appeal was possible. True it is that a test civil case (Powell *v.* Kempton Park Race Course Committee) was raised, and a majority of the Court of Appeal (5th July, 1897) differed from the Divisional Court of Queen's Bench as to the meaning of a "place." This case has been carried to the House of Lords, which tribunal has not yet given its decision.

There is a fairly readable account given of lotteries and the railway mania. The most recent case of an attempt at lottery in this country was that projected in Scotland for the relief of the sufferers by the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank; this case is omitted, however, by Mr. Ashton; nor does he make any reference to Professor Aytoun's brilliant satire on the railway mania in the old Maga story of "The Glenmutchkin Railway."

Still, there is much entertaining matter in the book, and several good anecdotes are now and again crowded into one page, as p. 153, for instance, where it is recorded how, in 1709, "four worthy senators lately threw their hats into a river, laid a crown each whose hat should first swim to the mill, and ran hallooing after them." A sight as well worth seeing as the famous ride of John Gilpin, which, by the way, might also have furnished a very apposite quotation on wagering.

FICTION.

THE DUKE OF LINDEN. A Romance. By Joseph F. Charles. London: John Lane.

TOM BENTON'S LUCK. By Herbert Elliott Hamblen. London: Macmillan & Co.

THE HYPOCRITE. London: Greening & Co.

"THE DUKE OF LINDEN," which is accurately described on the title-page as "a romance," has a certain quality of workmanship that distinguishes it from everyday fiction. It is a tale which records the manner in which an ancient feud between two great families, dwelling almost side by side on the banks of a German river, was brought to an end about the middle of the present century. This happy termination of strife which had lasted for a thousand years was consummated by the betrothal of the last son of the Storckens to the last daughter of the Lichtens. This betrothal took place, despite the fact that through endless centuries there had been handed down in the Storcken family the tradition of the curse pronounced by a woman of the house, who had just seen the castle burned, and her stout sons slain by the Lichten raiders. "May the house of Storcken prosper while it remains at feud with that of Lichten, but may the curse of Lichten light upon it when love unites the two, and may Lichten and Storcken be blotted out together!" It must have required some courage to enable the old Count of Storcken to contemplate as even possible a marriage between his grandson and the daughter of the Count of Lichten; but the girl's mother was an Englishwoman, living at variance with her husband, whose wanton amours were the common talk of the whole principality, and possibly the injured lady felt that no worse fate could befall her daughter Constance than that from which she already suffered in having such a father. At any rate, the boy and girl were duly betrothed, and the traditional curse of the Storckens defied. This is the skeleton upon which Mr. Charles has fashioned his plot. It is a theme sufficiently old, and here, as in the case of "The Bride of Lammermoor," it leads to a tragical issue. But this tale of the family feud and its ending really plays a minor part in "The Duke of Linden." It is the Duke himself and the beautiful Princess who, in defiance of convention, shares his life though not his name, in whom the reader is chiefly interested. The Duke is a hero born before his time. He is philosopher, scholar, humanitarian, and man of peace. Instead of surrounding himself with courtiers of the ordinary type, he fills his court with young men and women whom he calls his pupils, and whom he seeks to train in the ways of gentleness and peace. Abhorring war, he will take no measures to safeguard his frontiers, and when, in due time, an enemy falls upon him, the Duke becomes an easy prey, and his crown topples from the head for which it was too heavy. All this is treated in a delightful fashion by Mr. Charles. Some of the episodes in the life of the little principality are brilliantly described, and there is an atmosphere about the whole story which is eminently wholesome.

We read the first sixty or seventy pages of "Tom Benton's Luck" under the mistaken impression that it was an adventure story of the ordinary kind; and then we suddenly awoke to a consciousness of the fact that it was a book for boys. The opening chapters gave a vivid and promising description of a youth's early trials, but, almost without warning, the story took a turn, and plunged into sensationalism of the most extreme character. We do not know that we ever read a book quite as sensational as "Tom Benton's Luck." Adventures which, if properly distributed, would have made the whole life of Methuselah one of continuous excitement, are crowded into the brief space of seven or eight years. Tom is a seafaring youth, and we have no right, therefore, to complain of the number of times he is shipwrecked, thrown overboard, cast away on a desolate coast, picked up floating in a derelict boat, and exposed to the other ordinary perils of the deep; but our complaint is that the author never gives this unfortunate boy a moment's respite. His experiences on shore are as thrilling as those at sea, and the strange thing is that they never stop. If he is left for dead on a South American field of battle one day—the sole survivor of a considerable army—he is promptly arrested by the police the next morning on a wholly unfounded charge, and sentenced to be forthwith shot. If he is washed ashore penniless from some vessel which has foundered beneath his feet, he is immediately hocussed by a crimp, who, regardless of appearances, imagines that he must possess some hidden store of wealth. Yet Tom survives everything, with a power of living which would put a score of cats to shame, and in the end he emerges gloriously from his struggle with adverse fate the happy possessor of a ship, a fortune, and a charming wife. Two thrilling episodes in this wonderful book deserve special mention. One is when Tom and an English baronet who talks the slang of New York are jointly sentenced to death as spies by the officials of one of the banditti Republics of South America. The dreadful moment has come; they have said their last prayers; their faces are turned to the wall, and the rifles of their executioners are levelled against them. We confess that we almost gave up Tom as lost at this point, but we had failed to make due allowance for his luck. On this occasion it arrived in the shape of an elderly British consul, who, regardless of the loaded and pointed rifles, suddenly flung himself between the executioners and their prey, and, spreading a Union Jack over the shoulders of the prisoners, turned to the soldiers with blazing eyes and "roared in good Anglo-Saxon, 'Fire on that, you yellow curs, if you dare!'" Wonderful as this adventure was, it is surpassed by the incident which makes Tom a rich man. He was in command of a schooner off the coast of Socotra, when, without warning, three waterspouts suddenly bore down upon his vessel. Death seemed once more to be as near as when the Union Jack had saved him. But the waterspouts were merciful. They suddenly changed their minds, or, at any rate, their course, and, instead of overwhelming Tom, they amalgamated with each other,

just as if they had been banks or joint stock companies. Then Tom saw a wondrous spectacle. The three single waterspouts rolled into one tore up all manner of strange objects from the depths of the sea. Amongst these objects was one of the wrecked galleons of the Queen of Sheba, laden with bars of solid gold, each bar impressed with the private seal of King Solomon. Need we pursue Tom further? A man with such luck as this could command the world. This is a capital book for boys. They will enjoy it. But it is likely to damage the feeble digestion of older folks as badly as if it were an over-rich plum-pudding.

"The Hypocrite" is hardly a book to be enjoyed. It has its good points. It is carefully written, for example, and the author has undoubtedly worked with a serious purpose; but he lacks the experience which a writer must possess before he can make a wholly repulsive subject acceptable to the reader. Mr. Yardley Gobion is the hypocrite whose story we are told. Like most hypocrites, he deceives himself quite as much as the rest of the world. A cruel and rapacious liar, thief, and profligate, the depths of whose abominations can only be vaguely hinted at by the author, he is at the same time given to moods of intense spiritual fervour, and finds comfort, even in the midst of his worst transgressions, by his devotions at the shrines of extreme Anglicanism. He is engaged to a girl whom he neglects in favour of a score of less desirable acquaintances. He is worshipped by young enthusiasts whom he had known at the University, and who impoverish themselves in order to keep him in funds. He has one or two colleagues as cynically base as he is, and when he meets them, even though he be fresh from the steps of the altar, he talks to them of their common sins with a frankness that is brutal. Finally, he joins one of these friends of his in a plot for blackmailing an innocent young nobleman under revolting circumstances. The plot succeeds, but the friend runs away with Gobion's share of the proceeds, and the latter, in fear of the police, puts an end to his worthless life. We may be wrong, but it strikes us that this is the book of a very young writer, who has been trying to account for phenomena in human nature which he does not understand. If this be so, we are not without hope that some subsequent book from the same pen may redeem the glaring faults of "The Hypocrite."

THE QUARTERLIES.

It is curious how far *The Quarterly Review* has travelled, not merely from the old High Toryism of Scott or Gifford, but from that more modern spirit which showed itself restive under Disraelite "education:" while it has stopped short of the Democratic neo-Toryism towards which it has occasionally exhibited some proclivities in the last few years. It now seems to be settling down to a sort of staid and calmly reflective Conservatism, unbiassed, unprejudiced, rational at least, if not very inspiring. Sometimes, as in the article on the Ethics of Religious Conformity, to which we have referred on a previous page, the reader may feel inclined to scoff at the tendency to make things pleasant for the timid or sceptical. In other cases, as in the article on Democracy and Foreign Policy, we find the writer not merely admitting the repulsiveness of certain aspects of Disraelite Imperialism, but trusting the people and speaking hopefully of their capacity for recognising the responsibilities of empire. He points out that the whole of the material for a study of the subject, except what we get from ancient history, has been furnished by the experience of the last thirty years; speaks confidently of the ability of the people to judge, at any rate where the issues are simple; and concludes that the political duties of the better educated classes are not less but greater now than when they alone were concerned with public affairs—a position with which, as democrats, we need not quarrel. Another article of special value deals with the Austrian Empire. The author claims to have had special opportunity of judging of the weakness and partiality of the present Emperor; gives striking examples of the tendency to sacrifice to the exigencies of Royalty competent servants like Field-Marshal Benedek and Admiral Tegethoff; denounces the narrow clericalism which dominates the Imperial councils, and gives some really astounding instances; sides with the Germans, "the only idealists in the Empire"; and strongly advocates the separation of Galicia from Cis-leithania, and therefore of its Polish contingent from the Reichsrath, and the union of Dalmatia with Bosnia and the Herzegovina. But the general tone of his article is pessimistic. "The Improvement of the Statute Law"—a process to which Lord Thring gave an impulse by a *Quarterly* article in 1874—gives a clear account of the machinery for consolidating and simplifying the chaos of English law, and of the difficulties in the work, and pleads for the continuance of the process, now blocked by M.P.'s who want to combine amendment with consolidation. "St. Francis of Assisi" is based, of course, on M. Sabatier's restoration of the real man, as distinct from the Bollandist idealisation "for the use of edifying," and maintains that the Saint's work postponed the collapse of mediæval society for three centuries. We have space only to note "Harrow School"—containing amusing reminiscences by its old-Harrovian author, which will seem to the reformed schoolboy of twenty years hence as remote as St. Francis himself; an interesting article on stained glass; another on Dumas' travels; and "Women Poets," in which the best thing seems to us to be the appreciation of Christina Rossetti.

In *The Edinburgh Review*, the rather discursive examination devoted to "the unrest in the Church of England" leads to the conclusion that the Bishops will do their duty and that the laity must—and will—keep them up to the mark. But the writer is adverse to any attempt to give the laity a greater share in Church government by the institution of Councils of communicants, as recently advocated by Canon Gore and his fellow-essayists. The Church, he declares, being National, is responsible in part to outsiders for its conduct, and the supremacy of Parliament must therefore be maintained. Probably a good many Churchmen, not without much Nonconformist sympathy, will chafe at this clear statement that the Church can only remain "national" by continuing to forego her own autonomy. That, however, is the price of Establishment. "Slavery in Modern Scotland" is an article of permanent historical value and of painful interest. Most people have heard vaguely that Scotch colliers were serfs little more than a hundred years ago, but few can have realised that their serfage was not a mere survival from the Dark Ages, but the deliberate creation of the Scottish legislature during the early years of the seventeenth century. It was, indeed, only part of a social system which tended to make provision for "the unemployed" by enslaving them; and the writer traces this tendency to the predominance given by the Scottish Reformation to the Barons and the severe moralists of the Kirk Sessions. Not the least instructive part of the story is that the motives for the abolition were not humanitarian, but economic; when the demand for coal was largely increased by the "industrial revolution," the serf-labour of the miners kept free labour, which was indefinitely more productive, from supplying the new need. "Private Bill Legislation" suggests the appointment of a Commission to deal, subject to Parliamentary check, with all local Bills after their second reading, and pass them through their remaining stages. The article on Secondary Education admits that something might have been effected but for the change of Ministry and commencement of a period of reaction just before the Report of Mr. Bryce's Commission appeared. The author seems to us to underrate the probable permanence and powers of the Advisory Committee

proposed by the Government Bill; but he is hopeful of reform, and suggests that a definite allocation of the "residue" to secondary education in general would provide the means. We may also note an extremely hostile, not to say iconoclastic, article on Wagner, and an enthusiastic appreciation of Burne-Jones; a review of recent sporting adventure in the Old World, which reminds us that in the Carpathians, in Norway, and in the Caucasus there is still abundant shelter for big game; and interesting examinations of the American campaign in Cuba and of Sir George Trevelyan's new book on the American Revolution.

In *The English Historical Review* Mr. Headlam publishes the substance of his Birkbeck lectures at Cambridge—a valuable and suggestive contribution to the history of Biblical criticism, though we must leave it to experts to say whether his sympathies may not have induced him to overrate some of the services rendered by the Oxford Movement to ecclesiastical history. Other notable features in the article are the high value placed on the services of the Benedictine monks as editors and textual critics. A bibliography of historical articles in current periodicals is a most useful feature of this Review. In *The Critical Review* Prof. Lindsay, reviewing Canon Gore's essays on Church reform, finds that the High Church ideal is best realised in the Kirk. Mr. Sturt's article on the Neo-Thomist writers of to-day—Roman neo-Scholastics who fully accept scientific psychology—suggests an interesting subject for the observation of students of contemporary philosophy.

SMOKE.

LYRA NICOTIANA. Edited by William J. Hutchison. London: Walter Scott.

MR. HUTCHISON has done his work not wisely but too well. If only he had not made so wide a sweep of the net, or had been content to return to the deep all or some of the little and egregious fishes, then his editing were well done. His early smokers, his Barclays and Rowlands, are admirable; and none doubts the good faith of Cowper or Southey, Lamb or Byron. Thackeray is delightful in the one scrap of him. Lowell is ever scholarly, gentle, and graceful. And Mr. Henley is rightly the patron saint of smokers. If it were only for the frontispiece portrait of him, "Lyra Nicotiana" is worth having. But it is when we come to modern minor bards that the floods are upon us. There is fatuity, there is affectation; but, above all, there is insincerity. One dare swear that nine-tenths of these gentlemen never got beyond a cigarette, and that a pipe would nauseate them. Their presence here is a flout to a right manly taste. And, then, what is one to say of the women? Surely Ella Wheeler Wilcox touches the lowest depths of vulgar fatuity. The thoughts of would-be poets of the weed seem to run in a groove; and so alike are the majority of the verses that one grows dazed after a time, and can hardly sift the true from the false. One supposes that exigencies of space have dealt hardly with the editor. He might have made a little and good collection. As it is, being an industrious and careful gleaner, he has gathered the cockle in with the harvest.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

THE Dean of Ely has just contributed to the Victorian Era Series a volume on "Charles Kingsley" in relation to social reform on democratic and Christian lines. There is little that is new in the book either in the region of facts or in the interpretation of character; and the arrangement of the book from beginning to end leaves much to be desired. So much has been written about Charles Kingsley, the work he did in awakening the conscience of England, that only a first-class book on his attitude toward social problems is permissible. Dr. Stubbs, in our judgment, has failed to rise to the occasion. What we get is a loosely constructed, oppressively rhetorical appreciation, which fails entirely to focus in a distinct manner either the qualities or the labours of Parson Lot. Comparisons may be odious, but there are times when they are inevitable. The Dean of Ely's flimsy eulogy of the man and his work sent us to Mr. Kauffmann's estimate of "Charles Kingsley, Christian Socialist," which was published in 1892, and our impression that the latter was an incomparably better book was quickly confirmed. How Kingsley became a fiery, chivalrous, outspoken champion of the rights of the down-trodden and oppressed is a household tale. He used to say, "Politics and political economy may go their way for me. If I can help to save the lives of a few thousand working people and their children, I may earn the blessing of God." He was a man of vision with that other gift of the prophet, the courage to dare, and through the darkest years of the Queen's reign, whatever prigs and pedants might think, he was a great moral force in the life of the nation. He had the temperament of genius, and kept himself in touch with the people, and loved them too well to flatter them. He believed that the "sacred crusade" of the nineteenth century ought to be against dirt, degradation, disease, and untimely death—and he made it plain that as for himself, so far as it lay in his power, to "rehabilitate Christianity" by proving that it was a religion of lifting up, as well as looking up, and when rightly understood the shield of the weak and the poor man's friend in the rough struggle of existence. Dean Stubbs thinks that Carlyle's writings played a great part in Kingsley's intellectual development, and he lays stress on the fact that the two men had much in common. "But if in Carlyle's writings was laid the groundwork of Kingsley's intellectual development, it was in Coleridge's 'Aids to Reflection,' and still more in Maurice's 'Kingdom of Christ,' that he found the speculations and principles which had the most abiding influence on his after-life and thought." No one recognised this more clearly than the Eversley parson's friend and fellow-worker in schemes of social reform—the late J. M. Ludlow. He declared that Charles Kingsley could not help being a genius, and he would have been one had he never heard of Mr. Maurice. At the same time, he added, "But Kingsley's whole theology is drawn from Maurice—his chief mission was to be a populariser of the principles set forth by him. I was staying with him at Eversley one Sunday, and he said to me, 'I am going to take a sermon of Maurice's and turn it into language understanded of the people.' To do him justice, the sermon in question was so transformed by his genius that no one but himself could have accused him of plagiarism." Kingsley's philosophy of life, when all is said and done, was probably not as clear to himself as many of his admirers appear to think, and few people will deny that there were moments when he was carried out of his depth by indignation and sympathy. That he was disappointed with the apathy of the artisans themselves is an open secret. "How little have the working men done," he exclaimed in the preface to a late edition of "Alton Locke," "to carry out that idea of association in which, in 1848 and 49, they were all willing to confess their salvation lay." Kingsley was uncommonly sanguine as well as restive, and he made too little allowance for the progress of new ideas and principles amongst men who had grown up with scarcely any book-learning. Yet he saw the light dawning on the hill-tops, as witness his own noble words:—"I shall die in hope, not having received the promises, but beholding them afar off, and confessing myself a stranger and a pilgrim in a world of *laissez-faire*. For this is my belief, that not self-interest but self-sacrifice is the only law upon which human society can be grounded with any hope of prosperity and permanence." Perhaps after all Charles Kingsley's greatest work as a social reformer is to be discovered in the fact that he stood in the market-place through the lifetime of a generation like an incarnate conscience, and rebuked class injustice and national selfishness. It is only right to add that this aspect of his energetic career is thrown into prominence in these pages.

Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A., contributes a preface to Miss Rea's cultivated and well-informed exposition of "Tuscan Art." Travellers of to-day, Sir W. B. Richmond thinks, are confronted on the grand scale with the classic art of the past, but there is too much reason to fear that they are content with the most superficial scrutiny even of masterpieces which have challenged the criticism and kept the homage of generations. "The majority returned to their homes as unenlightened as they left them, and it may be a matter of question if to their minds has been added one beautiful impression received and thought out to a final issue. Slower travel and deeper insight would enable intelligent travellers to verify the various chapters of this little book, and, it may be, to enthusiasts as is its author." People who wish to go leisurely through the stately galleries of the Vatican, the Pitti Palace and the great churches and mansions of Italy will find an intelligent guide in the writer of this book, and one who is well acquainted with all that is most characteristic in the work of the Italian mediæval and renaissance artists. The book contains much more than a mere description of this or that painting; it gives a luminous and connected account of the growth of ideas and the relation of art to the changing ideals of society. One of the most interesting passages in the book relates to the Tabernacle of Andrea Orcagna in the Church of San Michele at Florence, as flawless an example of the older

* CHARLES KINGSLEY AND THE CHRISTIAN SOCIAL MOVEMENT. By Charles William Stubbs, D.D., Author of "Christ and Democracy," etc. London: Blackie & Son.

TUSCAN ARTISTS: THEIR THOUGHT AND WORK. By Hope Rea, with Introduction by Sir W. B. Richmond, K.C.B., R.A. Illustrated. London: George Redway.

THE YEAR'S ART, 1899. A Concise Epitome of all matters relating to the Arts of Painting, Sculpture, Engraving, and Architecture. Compiled by A. C. R. Carter. Illustrated. London: J. S. Virtue & Co.

A DIRECTORY OF TITLED PERSONS FOR 1899. Designed as a Companion to Whitaker's Almanack. London: J. Whitaker & Sons.

Florentine work as could well be cited. The story of its construction is worthy of remembrance:—"A certain early artist painted a Madonna, which was hung up against a pillar in an open loggia in the city, where was a corn market. This picture had not long held its place in the market before it came to have attributed to it miraculous powers. In consequence, it was thought that it ought to be treated with an increase of reverence. Accordingly the outer arches of the loggia were walled in, and the once open market was thus transformed into an oratory, the name given to it being Or San Michele. In connection with the new oratory a charitable society or company was formed in honour of the picture, called the company of the Madonna of Or San Michele. Some years later, in 1348, occurred a terrible visitation of the plague in Florence. Gifts were vowed to this miraculous picture, both during the terror of the sickness and afterwards, as thank-offerings, when the plague was stayed, the final amount of these offerings coming to no less than 300,000 florins. The captains of the company then determined to devote a part of this immense sum to the building of a tabernacle to enshrine the painting, which seems not to have lost its reputation despite the fury of the plague. The commission for this work was given to Andrea Orcagna, and he was told, in the grand Florentine manner, that it was to exceed all others in magnificence. His idea of magnificence has been noted above, literally greatness of workmanship, to which was added a greatness of thought equally characteristic of the mediæval artist." It was primarily a shrine for a picture of the Madonna, but it grew under Orcagna's magic touch into far-reaching symbolism. There are many illustrations in the volume, not a few subtle appreciations, and a luminous interpretation of the message of art.

Amongst books of a practical kind which seem hardly to require much more than mention are "The Year's Art, 1899," and Whitaker's "Directory of Titled Persons, 1899." This is the twentieth annual issue of "The Year's Art"—a concise epitome of matters of interest bearing on painting, sculpture, engraving, architecture, and the activities of a number of schools of design. Year by year the attempt is made to widen the scope and usefulness of this attractive manual. The new feature in the present volume is a record of artists' sales. "As it is well known, much reliance is placed by painters on the various public art exhibitions for the disposal of their pictures. The frequenter of galleries can always learn the catalogue prices and the sales. This information seems much too interesting to be lost, and consequently an attempt has been made to bring together such particulars and to put them on record" in the present volume. Another valuable new departure is a description of the contents of a number of private galleries, and the portraits this time are not those of painters, but of well-known patrons of art. "The Directory of Titled Persons" is a title which requires no explanation, though it is only right to add that there is much valuable information in the volume which is hardly described by such a designation. Evident care has been taken to ensure accuracy by a direct appeal to the persons concerned, and one attractive feature of the manual is an elaborate index to country seats. The directory is intended as a companion to Whitaker's Almanack, and it is edited with the same conscientious thoroughness.

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